Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 30, 1968 60 CENTS

MEXICO 68

THE PROBLEM OLYMPICS







Boycotts and Riots
Embattled Brundage
Ryun and Keino









Last October, Pontiac announced the GTO as its candidate for 1968 car of the year.

And it won.

For 1969, we humbly withdraw the GTO... and sub



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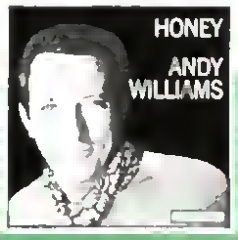
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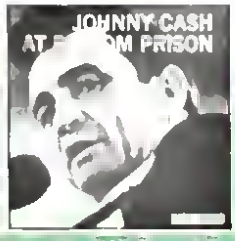
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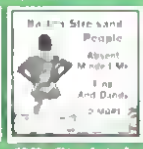








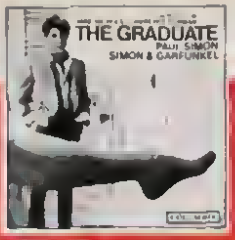














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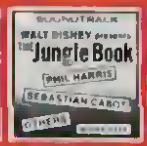






































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Credits on page 108

Next week

NOTRE DAME confronts Purdue at South Bend, and the clash of these two fierce rivals may decide who is No. 1. Dan Jenkins reports a game that will shape the season.

MASTER OF THE MOST, Cardinal Red Schoendienst, who almost didn't get the job, rides herd on the highest-paid baseball team in history. A report by William Leggett.

HORSE OF THE YEAR Damascus goes after his second straight title at Belmont in the race that often decides that honor, the 1¼-mile Woodward. Who will challenge him?

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This issue contains a rich and fairly complex variety of major stories: a look at pro football's young quarterbacks (*page 20*), an analysis of the upcoming World Series (*page 26*), our quadrennial preview of the Olympic Games (*page 44*) and an on-the-scene report from Kenya on that emerging nation's sometimes successful but somewhat troubled athletic progress (*page 90*). The photographs accompanying the stories, 29 of them in color, are the culmination of months of planning and execution by Picture Editor George Bloodgood and his deputy, Tom Vanderschmidt.



DEPUTY TOM AND EDITOR GEORGE

The Olympic section, for example, began to take shape last spring. Photographer Jerry Cooke was sent to Europe and Walter Iooss Jr. to Latin America to shoot outstanding athletes from the so-called Third Force in world sport. In July, James Drake went with John Underwood to Kenya for the pictures that accompany Underwood's story (one shot, of Kipchoge Keino, also made the cover). Late in the summer, when various U.S. Olympic Trials were taking place, Photographers Rich Clarkson, Neil Leifer and the team of Jack Sheedy and George Long were there, taking pictures of swimmers, gymnasts, rowers and runners.

Meanwhile, the World Series situation had clarified early, and Bloodgood and his staff went back over the season's take of baseball photographs, sifting and selecting until they had the pictures they wanted of the Cardinals and the Tigers. Finally, for the pro football lead story, six photographers were assigned on the same weekend to capture in action the quarterbacks Tex Maule would be writing about.

The complex logistics involved in all this are airily dismissed by George Bloodgood. "The main thing required of a picture editor is knowing the right people to send out on an assignment," he says. "Fortunately, we have excellent photographers available to us, and that makes my job easier."

Bloodgood admits that knowing the right people to assign is not all there is to it. "We deal primarily with freelance photographers, and they are intensely competitive. They all have to be kept happy, which isn't always easy, since many of them combine supreme self-confidence with a deep need for reassurance." What George really means is that fine photographers tend to be just as temperamental as fine artists, writers or actors.

Besides orchestrating his complicated cast of principals, Bloodgood must solve a formidable array of logistic problems. These include obtaining press credentials, arranging for appointments with difficult or elusive subjects, making plane and hotel reservations, shipping the film back to our laboratories and then getting negatives and prints in time to meet our deadlines. Fortunately, Bloodgood is not fazed by these demands. Born in Brooklyn (a confident town) in 1929, he came to Time Inc. in 1946 at 17. He worked for both LIFE and SI before becoming our assistant picture editor in 1960. When he was named head of the department last April, he drafted Vanderschmidt from our art department to become his aide. Bloodgood also gets some training at home that probably helps him in handling—soothing, urging, praising, scolding—his moody, talented photographers. George is the father of six children.

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

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BOOKTALK

A long-distance runner takes a look at the loneliness of others like himself

In recent years Author Ron Clarke has been so busy setting pen to paper that it is a wonder Distance Runner Ron Clarke ever has time to set spike to track. In 1966 Author Clarke (a real pro who keeps Runner Clarke amateur by the simple device of not collecting any royalties) wrote the story of his own life as a runner in collaboration with Alan Trengove. Now he has turned his attention to the careers of other distance men. Co-authored by Norman Harris, an able New Zealander, Clarke's newest volume is called *The Lonely Breed* (Pelham Books, London; price 30s net) and is a very remarkable book indeed—a lively collection of biographical vignettes of 21 athletes, whose careers cover 86 years and 11 countries. Clarke and Harris write about many of history's most famous runners—Paavo Nurmi, Herb Elliott, Peter Snell, Gerry Lindgren—as well as some shadowy figures whose names would be familiar only to the most dedicated historian. Walter George, Arthur Newton, Teddy Hack, Jean Bouin. The well-known stars in the book are shown for the most part in some of the less well-known moments of their lives. Elliott, the Olympic champion, is seen in action only at a relatively unimportant race on a grass track in Brisbane. Snell, the double Olympic champion, has his moment at an invitational mile race in Modesto, Calif. There are some startling omissions. Ron Delany's upset triumph in the 1956 Olympic 1,500-meter race in Clarke's own home city of Melbourne, Billy Mills and his epic upset of Clarke in the 10,000-meter run at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, Clarke himself in any number of astonishing world-record races.

If Authors Clarke and Harris have ignored the cliché guidelines to commercial success, however, the result is an artistic one. They have picked their men and their moments with care, and their research has been extremely thorough.

"We have based our work on facts," says Clarke, "with the intention to express and interpret these in such a way as to clearly illustrate the character of the men whom we chose to represent all the thousands who make up 'the lonely breed.'"

Clarke has interviewed and or read [illegible] just about all of the contemporary athletes in the book. Harris retraced some of Clarke's steps and also did much original research following guidance by his co-author. An old trunk, hidden away in a Berkshire, England attic, produced a treasure trove of material for one of the most interesting chapters, professional Walter George's historic mile race against William Cummings at London in August of 1880.

Actually a chapter on Co-author Harris could have been included. His interest in running is matched only by Clarke's in writing. He took up the sport for the first time at the age of 20, in 1960, shortly after being hired by the New *Zealand Herald* and assigned to write track. By 1964 he was sufficiently accomplished as a journalist to have won the Baird Award for the best sports writing of the year in New Zealand. And though his running career has yielded up no such triumphs, he points to a 28th place in the 1965 British Marathon championship as the high point of his athletic career. Now living in London, Harris still runs 60 miles a week, apparently for no more reason than the sheer joy of being one of the lonely breed.

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However, there are many less expensive models available in both main and reserve canopies and their harnesses. In one of its cheerful guidelines, PI recommends "low porosity fabric for parachutists who either weigh more than 185 pounds or are more than 35 years old." By carefully reading the descriptions one will know exactly which canopy modification to select, the Telsan Tern or the Double L for $20 extra, or the Hustler or the TU-7 for $30 more, depending on whether one wants high performance and slower descent, a quick backup and turn, or only a reasonable amount of forward speed and turning ability.

In addition to harnesses, canopies, clothing instruments, etc., PI's catalog lists items needed by sky-diving clubs and professional centers. There are suggestions on types of communications systems and some advice on aircraft financing. Although "credit references help," says PI, "character is what counts!"

For just the pure enjoyment of leafing through this genuinely beautiful, informative and fascinating catalog, send $1 to Parachutes Incorporated, Orange, Mass. 01364.

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SCORECARD

THE TRACK MESS

Villanova Track Coach Jumbo Elliott is crying foul because the system used to select the U.S. Olympic track team has caused his best runner, Miler Dave Patrick, to be left out, and Elliott has a point. More important, though, is the fact that the public has been mystified and misled by the peculiar selection process.

Until the week before the final trials at South Lake Tahoe a few men seemed to be absolutely sure of berths—those, like Patrick in the 1,500 meters, who had won their events at Los Angeles in June in a meet billed as the U.S. Olympic Trials. All these winners had to do subsequently, they were told by Olympic officials, was to prove at Tahoe that they could also run well at high altitude.

But then, for reasons still not clear, the officials embarked upon an experiment in democracy. Just before the Tahoe trials they let the athletes themselves, in a series of group discussions, decide upon the selection system. Prior assurance to the Los Angeles winners was dissolved by a vote of all the contenders—among whom the Los Angeles winners were a negligible minority. The majority decided that the top three finishers in the Tahoe events would make the team, and that would be that. So the Los Angeles trials, which drew 25,654 spectators who thought they were seeing *the* trials, were actually a preliminary meet, a big trial heat.

As it turned out, Patrick was the only one of the earlier winners who definitely proved himself at high altitude (he ran the fastest 1,500 meters at Tahoe in a preliminary heat) and yet was eliminated (in the final heat he ran fourth). Our sympathy for Patrick is diluted by the fact that he backed the idea of taking the Tahoe finals as the only criterion. But he shouldn't have been put in such an awkward position.

The entire selection process was misleading. The system should have been established early and adhered to. Then no one would have had grounds to complain that the officials had in effect reneged on an earlier promise.

BLACK AND BLUE TOGETHER

In a recent effort to ease racial tensions in South Bend, Ind., four softball teams representing the city police met four teams representing the Negro community. The Negro teams wore T shirts saying, "Black Is Beautiful." The police wore T shirts saying, "Blue Isn't Bad." The Negroes won three out of four.

MUDDER MURDER

Artificial tracks and fields are in the news again, hailed as magic carpets on which humans never dirty their breeches and horses never need mud marks. We confess to some skepticism as to whether this *will* be—and some doubt as to whether it *should* be. It would be a shame, for example, to divorce horse racing entirely from the turf and dirt tracks that have been at the very heart of its history. Among other things, that would deprive the world of the term "mudder." It would shortchange those stout-limbed horses that come into their own on a slow track, thus eliminating another venerable factor from the horseplayer's equation. And it would make most tracks even harder to tell apart than they already are.

We also wonder whether a uniform sports surface is such a good idea for people—not to mention a uniform temperature, a uniform humidity or a uniform lack of wind. Last week the French sports daily, *L'Equipe*, perhaps having let the Astrodome slip its mind, said, "It is high time that stadiums with major competitions be protected from the wind, as the Romans protected the immense Colosseum from the sun with canvases, cables and pulleys."

What all this narrowing down of variables does is focus more and more attention on the athlete's muscles—which seem to get more fragile as playing conditions improve—and his neuroses. It gives him less to talk about unselfconsciously. It gives him less and less to blame on God. It makes him, like the rest of us, less of what we like to think of as a natural man.

OFF WITH ANOTHER BANG

One more little thing went wrong with the Olympics last week. The communications satellite that was supposed to carry the Olympic telecast around the world blew up.

Or rather it had to be blown up when it went off course after launching.

But the show will go on, anyway. Arrangements have been made to hook up the Olympics with a NASA satellite.

THE MARXIST MARE

HORSES OF THE WORLD UNITE! That, in effect, is the slogan of a new movement that would give every racehorse a living wage. Owners and trainers say that racing is the only professional sport or entertainment in which the performer often gets nothing for his services. To repair this unfair labor practice, the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association is proposing that each horse that



starts be given "appearance money." For instance, an owner might receive 1% of the total amount of money wagered on his horse, a system used at some tracks in Argentina.

Frank Mackle, the president of the HBPA, says it is essential to help horse owners meet their expenses. He points out that the average cost of keeping a Thoroughbred in training is $7,000 a year, yet 50% of the horses that race earn less than $1,800 a year.

continued


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One problem, of course, is where to get the 1%. Horsemen suggest that it come out of the state's share of the parimutuel handle, but state governments will not part with a cent, never mind a percent, of their profits. The horses may just have to wait until the state withers away. Then there should be oats for one and all

WILL THE REAL . .

People are still somewhat uptight in Baltimore over the case of the ersatz Kathy Harter. A couple of weeks ago Baltimore Sportswriter Bill Tanton interviewed someone he called Kathy Harter, the eighth-ranked girl tennis player, on one of his twice-a-week television spots. The girl told of under-the-table payments to tennis players and of being confident of victory over Mary Ann Etsel the next day because Mary Ann had been "socializing" all week in Baltimore.

The following day when Kathy arrived at the Baltimore Country Club for the next round of the grasscourt invitational, people looked at her askance and asked some odd questions. Unnerved, she lost the first four games and the match to Miss Etsel, who was not in a socializing mood.

After the match Kathy learned the full story of the interview show that Tanton, apparently just as a prank, had brought on the wife of a local advertising man to impersonate her. The television station, WMAR, has publicly apologized and Tanton has lost his spots. Nobody in Baltimore is saying much, and the matter is in the hands of the real Kathy Harter's lawyers.

BACK TO EARTH

The Texas Aggies, proud of being reduced to a state of pure gristle in preseason football drills by Bear Bryant disciple Gene Stallings, have found more grounds than usual in recent years to call University of Texas people "tea sippers." Darrell Royal's training programs, while not effete, have been soft-nosed in comparison.

But the Longhorns have now had three straight 6-4 seasons, which in Texas is like saddle-breaking three straight Shetland ponies, and this year Royal has been acting more like Stallings, or Bryant, or a presidential candidate accused of being weak on law and order. In fact, things have gotten so fundamental on the practice fields of Austin that eight

Texas players, most of them standouts (and all of them from the offense), quit before the opening tie with Houston.

In general these refugees probably should be pictured less as faint hearts than as Okies. That is, they have not been fleeing the punishment so much as the dust—as in four-yards-and-a-cloud-of. In recent years, says Royal, "We tried to join the crowd. We split people out and all that." This year he is going back to a grinding ground attack. "I'm talking about field position. They can call me conservative or whatever they want, but it's the name of the game."

This ideological reversion, to the style that won Texas the national championship in 1963, has entailed some shuffling of the ranks. For instance, a former first-string, pro-prospect split end found himself a third-string tight end, too weak a blocker to start. He quit. Another retiree, a promising halfback, "said he didn't enjoy it anymore," says Royal. "If he doesn't like it, I don't blame him."

For his part, Royal says, "I'm not going to lose my guts. I'd rather let the ones that don't want to play football quit. We'll tighten the circle and go with boys with lesser talent if we have to." He did show his concern, however, by meeting with the team's elective council. "I asked them if they thought we were doing anything wrong. They said, 'Not a thing, keep it up.'"

Morale appears firm, if somewhat gritty. "We'll win this year," says a guard who is sticking, "because we've gotten rid of some who were distracting the rest of us." Says a tackle who quit, with perhaps the hint of a shudder, "There is definitely no dissension on that squad, that's for sure."

INDIANAPOLIS WEST

Before reaching its present eminence the Indianapolis 500 suffered some poverty-stricken years. Now comes Indianapolis West, and if ever a track was born rich, this is it. Ground was to be broken this week for the Ontario Motor Speedway, as the track is called, on 697 acres in vineyard country 40 miles up the San Bernardino Freeway from the Los Angeles Civic Center, and let it be said at once, reverently, that the people behind the speedway are going to offer a purse of $300,000 for their very first Indy-style race around Thanksgiving time in 1970. What's more, there are to be permanent seats for 95,000 and temporary stands

continued



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for 45,000 as the Foyts and Andrettis and Unsers make their Ontario debuts. It has taken the original Indy, of which Ontario is to be a close copy right down to the angle of the four low-banked turns, more than half a century to build its purse to $712,269 and seating capacity to 210,000.

Where is the Ontario money coming from? A $25.5 million, tax-exempt municipal-bond issue offered by a nonprofit corporation. It sold out in three weeks. Besides the 2.5-mile main track there will also be a drag strip and a road-racing course.

What is good for Ontario, however, may be grim for Riverside and its raceway, the most important track in California. Riverside is only 20 miles away, and the officials there are said to be furious over the massive intrusion.

A LITTLE PEPPER

There may be nothing wrong with baseball that playing it in Spanish wouldn't cure. According to a reliable source in Mexico, the following spicy terms are currently in vogue among baseball buffs down there:

Exciting game: *juega cardiaco* (cardiac game). A full swing: *tirando a toda orquesta* (swinging at full orchestration). Get going: *póngase los pantalones* (put your pants on). First base, second, third and home. *la inicial, la intermedia, la antesala* (the antechamber) and *la chocolatera* (the chocolate pot). Home is also the *caja registradora*. Bases full: *se llenó la casa* (the house got full).

Then, says our Mexican correspondent, there is the phrase *bola de nudillos*, which means "knuckleballs"—and which is used, he writes, "when the pitcher swirls the ball, putting the man at base out of control."

It may be that that last one lost something in the transmission.

THEY SAID IT

• Bobby Mitchell, veteran Washington Redskin flanker, explaining what bothers him most about his new role as a bench warmer: "The things that people don't say to me."

• Louis Nalley, Arkansas center, on football's forgotten man: "You never hear about the center until he flubs up. Then he's ruined the game. No one knows I'm on the field except for Mother and Dad, or whomever I've given tickets to." **END**

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NEW YORK LIFE



Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 30, 1968

THE YOUNG GENERALS

They are not yet 30 and they are still learning—often the hard way—but from this group of promising quarterbacks may emerge the one or two who will adequately replace those aging kings, Unitas and Starr **by TEX MAULE**

John Unitas, who has played a little quarterback, opened the season on the bench for the first time in 12 years when the Baltimore Colts beat the San Francisco 49ers two weeks ago and he was still there when the Colts won again last week, beating Atlanta Johnny U. is 35, and his right elbow, chronically sore for three years, hurt too badly for him to throw the ball; fortunately the Colts had 34-year-old Earl Morrall to fill in and do an excellent job.

Bart Starr, the only quarterback considered the equal of Unitas, shrugged off his 34 years to complete 14 of 18 passes while Green Bay defeated Philadelphia in its opener. Don Meredith, who is 30 and has moved into stardom in the last two years, did even better, hitting 16 of 19 in leading the Dallas Cowboys to a 59–13 whomping of the Detroit Lions, last weekend he guided the Cowboys to their second straight victory. And 34-year-old Sonny Jurgensen, the fourth of the super quarterbacks, completed 14 of 21 passes for four touchdowns to upset Chicago for the Washington Redskins

Aside from their obvious excellence, the one thing the four have in common is their age. Each is 30 or over; within the next five years it is almost certain that at least three of them will find that life on the shady side of 35 is more comfortable if spent in the stands. Only Charlie Conerly and Y. A. Tittle, in recent years, have played past 35 with any degree of competence.

It is no coincidence that the big four are all plus 30. The apprenticeship for a quarterback in the National Football League is long, hard and often cruel. Not many athletes have either the mental or physical toughness to survive it, and only a few ever graduate to superstardom The others, because of injury, a psychological fatigue that magnifies the terrors of the job or an innate inability to cope with its mental demands, become journeymen, capable of an occasional brilliant game but unable to sustain a championship level for an entire season

Behind the big four in the National Football League today stand a number of quarterbacks, all of whom, at one time or another, have indicated great potential. Some are only a step away, while a few are just beginning their arduous schooling. Among those who have completed their apprenticeship and are on the verge of breaking into the top echelon, Roman Gabriel of the Los Angeles Rams seems most likely to take the final step. He is 28, has been with the Rams since 1962 and, most important, has had the opportunity of playing instead of sitting on the bench.

"He has attained a certain majesty," said Bernie Casey, the fine Ram receiver, after Gabriel put the team into the playoffs last year. "It rubs off on all of us."

Gabriel's problems in his first four years were inconsistency and a curious reluctance to release the ball quickly, but suddenly he began to read defenses surely. Where he had been hesitant throwing the ball into confusing coverage, he became decisive. He has always had the arm and at 6′ 4″ and 230 he is the biggest quarterback in the league, probably the only one strong enough to break away from a tackler, stiff-arm a linebacker and still get the pass away. Since 1965, when he replaced the injured Bill Munson in midseason, Gabriel has won 24 of the 35 games he has started. In two climactic games at the close of the 1967 season he may have taken the step from *continued*

The Rams, starting fast with two wins, listen when Roman Gabriel speaks in the huddle, for among his qualities is the essential one authority


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18



Johnny Unitas surveys the young crop . . .

star to superstar: against Baltimore and Green Bay he ignored the pressure to complete 38 of 58 passes for six touchdowns and 479 yards. Neither Unitas nor Starr (his opposing quarterbacks) could be expected to improve on that.

Gabriel has had the advantage of playing with one of the best teams in football. Another outstanding 28-year-old has not been as lucky. Fran Tarkenton, the 6′, 190-pound scrambler for the New York Giants, began his career with the Minnesota Vikings in the same year the team was formed, an enormous handicap for even a seasoned quarterback. Despite this, he has compiled a better career record than Gabriel.

At Minnesota, Tarkenton spent much of his time bouncing from sideline to sideline in search of receivers and he developed a healthy distaste for nonexistent protective pockets. He proved that he could throw with surprising accuracy while dodging tackles, a not inconsid-



. . . while Craig Morton awaits his chance.



erable talent. Unfortunately for Tarkenton, he left the Vikings last year for the Giants, where he was still forced to scramble. Norman Van Brocklin, then the Viking coach following a career spent as an extremely immobile quarterback, lived uncomfortably with Tarkenton. "With the Peach," he once said sourly, "a coach has to come up with a good third-and-40 offense."

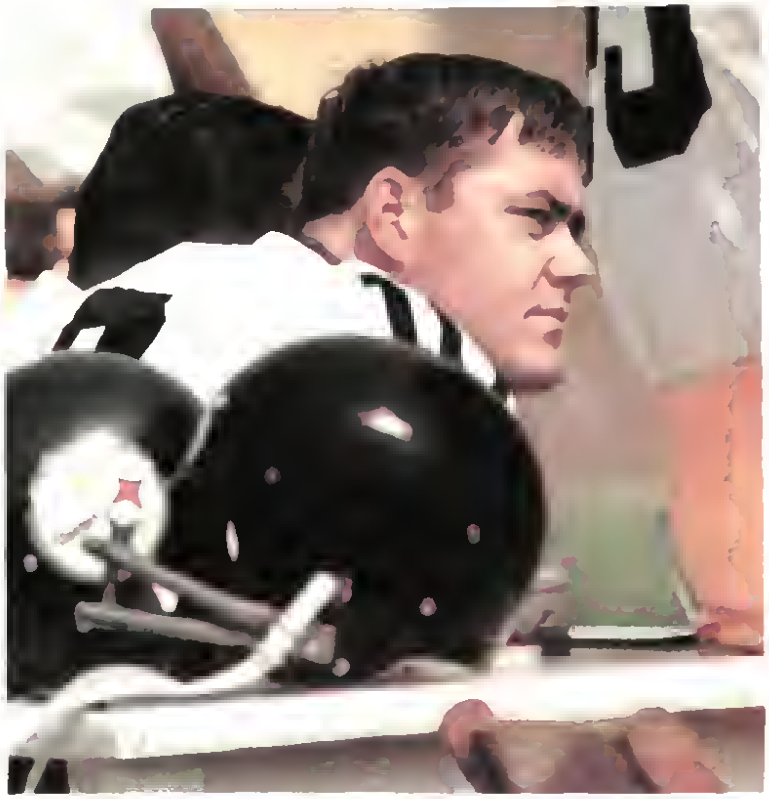
Allie Sherman of the Giants has accepted Tarkenton's tendency to roam. He has designed part of the Giant offense to take advantage of it, and Tarkenton may have his best years ahead as the Giants continue to improve. No scrambler has ever won an NFL championship. If Fran's legs retain their spring into his 30s, he may be the first of a new breed.

Just a few completions behind Gabriel and Tarkenton are a cluster of quarterbacks who have the promise but, in most cases, have lacked the opportunity to achieve superstar status. Three of them —Gary Cuozzo of Minnesota, Bill Munson of Detroit and Bill Kilmer of New Orleans—have spent most of their time understudying other quarterbacks who possessed either superior talent or who were preferred by their coaches. Cuozzo was No. 2 behind John Unitas on the Colts before he asked to be traded rather than remain on the bench.

"I learned a lot just from watching Johnny," Cuozzo said some time ago. "But I thought I was ready to start and I had no chance with Baltimore."

Cuozzo got a chance to start with the Saints, but he is a classical drop-back quarterback who needs a pocket to throw from, and the Saints had a few holes in their pockets. By midseason of 1967 Coach Tom Fears had decided to go with Kilmer who is a strong runner. The decision may have saved Cuozzo's life. He was traded to the Minnesota Vikings, only to be sidelined by an injury during the preseason and see Joe Kapp, a 30-year-old quarterback who has spent most of his career in the Canadian League, take over. Cuozzo, almost a carbon copy of Unitas in his drop-back, set and pass, could still hit the top. He is only 26 and he has the arm and the mind, plus adequate size—6′ 1″, 195. He is in the same plight as Detroit's

continued



There are things to learn on the bench, but Kent Nix feels a young quarterback must play.

No scrambler has ever led a team to an NFL title, but Fran Tarkenton has the Giants winning



Jeck Concannon, flipping out to Gale Sayers, should be better than he has looked so far.


17

27-year-old Munson, who also must shake the No. 2 personality.

Munson, unlike Cuozzo, has demonstrated that he is capable of handling the burdens of a starting quarterback. In his first year with the Los Angeles Rams, 1964, he took over as first-string quarterback and held that job until the middle of the 1965 season, when a knee injury opened the door for Roman Gabriel. During the next two seasons Munson stewed on the bench.

"When George Allen took over two years ago," Munson said before the Lions lost to Dallas in the season opener, "he told me that he was going to give me and Gabriel the same shot at quarterback. Then I played maybe two quarters in the whole exhibition season. He said he was bringing me along slow, but I think that was a little too slow."

Gabriel was Allen's quarterback from the beginning, although some members of the Los Angeles press and a considerable number of fans questioned the coach's judgment.

"The first year I sat on the bench was torture," Munson said. "Toward the end of the season I had colitis and, sitting on the bench, I was tense and tied up. The next year I was resigned to it, but I told Mr. Reeves [Dan Reeves, owner of the Rams] that I was going to play out my option so that I could move to a club where I could start."

Both the Green Bay Packers and the Detroit Lions wanted the Ram quarterback, but Munson, despite the added lure of possible Super Bowl money with Green Bay, opted for Detroit. "At Green Bay I would have had the same thing," he said. "I couldn't expect to replace Bart Starr."

At Detroit the starting job was waiting for him. "We tried to get him for three years," says Russ Thomas, the Detroit general manager. "He's a natural No. 1. We knew it. In this game if you don't have a quarterback—even if you have everything else—it's like trying to run a bank without money."

Munson completed 19 of 22 passes as the Lions beat Baltimore in a preseason game, but an operation to remove a growth from his leg kept him from working on his timing. Then he suffered a pulled muscle in his chest, which prevented him from starting the Dallas game on opening day.

Bill Kilmer found the opening game unbearable but last week was a complete turnabout.

But last week against Chicago, Munson did exactly what Detroit hoped he could, completing 15 passes for 279 yards and three touchdowns as the Lions crushed the Bears 42–0. In every way he looked like the money in Detroit's bank.

Bill Kilmer at 29, may have been given his opportunity too late and with too weak a team. Kilmer was the big gun in the San Francisco shotgun attack a few years ago, then suffered a severe ankle injury in an auto accident and hardly played at all until he was picked up by New Orleans in the expansion draft of 1967.

"Kilmer is a great competitor," says Fears, the Saints coach. "He's not a picture passer but he makes things happen. He moves the ball." He runs well enough and his wobbly passes hit the mark, but Kilmer has too much to prove with a team that won't give him a chance to prove it. Like all good quarterbacks, he has confidence. He threw well during preseason games. "This year I feel the job is mine," he says. "As a result, I think I'll take more chances." After a mediocre first game Kilmer was almost inconsolable. "The offense let the defense down, and I was to blame," he said. Last week Kilmer could smile again as he led the Saints to a 37–17 victory over Washington, passing for 183 yards and two touchdowns.

Probably farthest removed from the quarterback throne room are five very young starters: Jim Hart, 24, of St Louis; Randy Johnson, 24, of Atlanta; Jack Concannon, 25, of Chicago; Kent Nix, 23, of Pittsburgh, and Don Meredith's understudy, 25-year-old Craig Morton.

Two of them (Concannon and Nix) got starting jobs after being traded. Nix, who has run the Steeler offense since the third game of 1967, speaks for both when he says, "I'm glad I was traded by the Packers. A quarterback should play when he is young. The most important thing I learned last year was to recognize defenses. Now I can anticipate, but I still need better anticipation on first and third downs and I have to learn to throw the ball harder. My ball kinda sails out."

Concannon throws the ball hard enough, but, like most young quarterbacks, he has trouble with the delicate timing of short, square-out passes. He is a big man, like Gabriel, and a good runner. In his opening game he ran and wound up with a broken nose for his trouble, and last week against Detroit he couldn't do anything right. A year ago, when George Halas was still coaching the team, he watched Concannon in practice and said. "This boy will make it. I think he has the tools, and we'll teach him to stay in the pocket." If he learns the lesson and improves his short passing game, he is on the way.

Randy Johnson, like Tarkenton, began his pro career on an expansion team, but unlike Tarkenton, he does not have enough agility to scramble out of danger. As a result he has taken a fearful beating in his first two seasons, and while he is learning in a pressure cooker, he may be taking too much heat. The Atlanta Falcons have not improved much this year, and a third year of unremitting punishment could set Johnson back beyond repair. Norm Snead, the ill-fated quarterback of the Philadelphia Eagles, had the same experience in his early days with the Washington Redskins and only recently regained the poise and confidence of a first-rate quarterback.

Jim Hart, the youngster who was thrown into the lineup at St. Louis when the army called up Charley Johnson, has had moments of competence, but he threw 30 interceptions in his first year and three in the first game of this season under grievous pressure from the Los Angeles Rams. Like most young men, he has a tendency to force a pass or throw into too tight coverage instead of holding the ball. It is unfair to dismiss him on his performance so far; he needs the seasoning and intuition that comes only with time.

By the time Craig Morton, the Dallas No. 2, gets his chance at running the club, he should have all the seasoning he needs. He is in the fortunate position of playing for a high-scoring team behind a 30-year-old quarterback who often needs a rest. Morton played most of the second half in the Cowboys' first game, completing nine of 17 passes, one for a touchdown. When Don Meredith is having an off day, the Dallas fans have already begun to chant "We want Morton! We want Morton!" and some day they will get him.

But that day, for Morton and for most of the NFL's young generals, lies a few years in the future. **END**



MATCHUP OF A CLASSIC PAIR

The mound becomes a historic summit when St. Louis Bob Gibson and Detroit's Denny McLain baseball's best pitchers, go into the 1968 Series. No matter who wins, the game's last true championship may be one of its best

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



The meaningful confrontations in sport come along so seldom that when one arrives it transcends quick-buck promoters, deep-thinking statisticians and television spielers. The genuine events feed on anticipation and argument by the fans themselves. Swaps vs. Nashua at Washington Park. John Landy and Roger Bannister in "the mile of the century" at Vancouver. The professional debuts of Pancho Gonzalez and Wilt Chamberlain against Jack Kramer and Bill Russell. Michigan State vs. Notre Dame.

Next week another event comes along that is already surrounded by enough glamour to assure it a place alongside those fine confrontations of the past. This one is called merely "Gibson against McLain" and it has been building since the middle of July. The matter of which team, the St. Louis Cardinals or Detroit Tigers, will win the 64th World Series somehow seems secondary to the question both devoted baseball fans and people who have never seen either man or team perform in person have been asking for months. "Who do you like, Gibson or McLain?" By now you are supposed to have cultivated your prejudices to such a degree that you can take a positive stance on one side of the question or the other. Do you like Denny McLain, the clever and delightfully unpredictable young organist who pitched the Detroit Tigers to their first pennant in 23 years while winning 31 games himself, or do you like Bob Gibson, the agile, complete athlete who strung zeroes across National League scoreboards all season long to build one of the coolest earned run averages the game has ever seen?

But this World Series is much more than Gibson against McLain or McLain against Gibson. The St. Louis Cardinals and Detroit Tigers are fine, exciting and tough teams possessing genuine folk heroes capable of playing baseball with a flair and style not seen in many recent Series. This is, for instance, the first

continued

World Series for Al Kaline after 16 years of excellence frequently interrupted by injury, the last for Roger Maris, the man *who*. It is a Series bringing together the two most highly regarded all-round catchers in the game, Tim McCarver of St Louis and Bill Freehan of Detroit. Louis Clark Brock, the man who a year ago stole everything in Boston but the light in the Old North Church, is going to try to put his act together again, and if you like power Detroit has several men who can knock a ball out of any park, as the saying goes, including Yellowstone Curt Flood of the Cards and Mickey Stanley of the Tigers, the two finest centerfielders working today, could turn the whole thing into a spectacular defensive show Even the parks themselves, Busch Memorial Stadium in St Louis and Tiger Stadium in Detroit, are interesting and will probably have an effect on the outcome

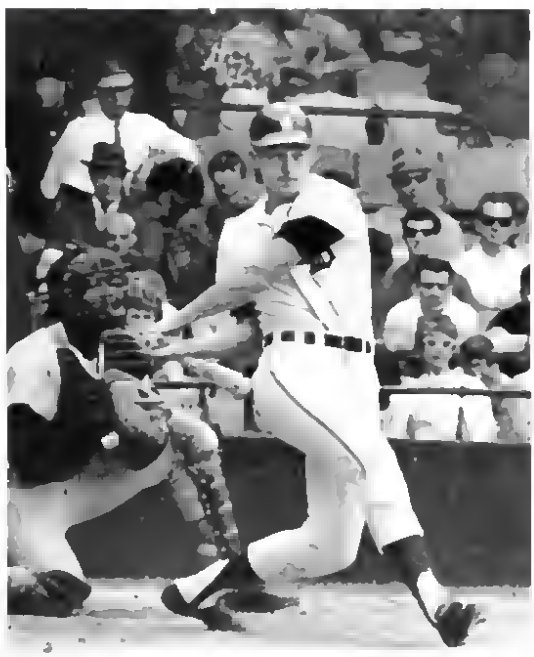
Perhaps the best thing about this Series, though, is that it has a chance to save what has been a very dull season. Many things went wrong in baseball in 1968, they included too much pitching, sinking attendance, a lack of responsible leadership and no pennant races at all By Mother's Day everyone knew that Detroit and St Louis were going to win, because they were obviously the two best teams and had enough spirit to take them over whatever hills might rise in front of them

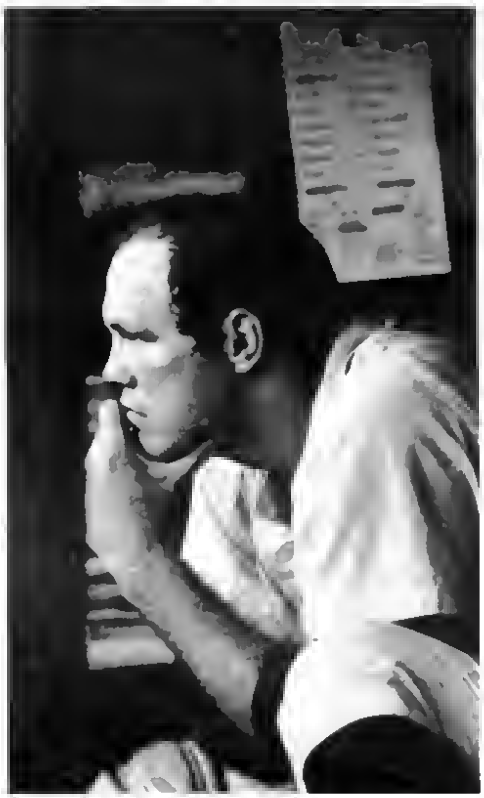
In a season that lasts 173 days Detroit and St Louis were each in first place for all but 15 of them and that is not the sort of competition to spur pennant fever in the poor town stuck with a fourth-place team 20 games out St Louis entered the season with its personality and style already developed The Cards had speed, defense, power, pitching and spirit and they wanted to get themselves into another World Series so that they might become the first National League team to win consecutive world championships since John McGraw's New York Giants of 46 years ago Detroit, on the other hand, started the year with the unenviable reputation of being a team that got things lodged in its throat when the going got sticky. But what did the 1968 Tiger team do? It developed a method for winning that was the direct antithesis of its past reputation. If you went to Tiger Stadium—and more than two million people did

you could lean back, set your alarm clock for the seventh inning and when you woke up all hell would be breaking loose In one-third of the games they won the Tigers were trailing in the seventh inning or later. They suffered an abnormal number of injuries but heroes kept popping up, and Tiger followers fell back in love with their team because of its new and totally unexpected image

It is appropriate that in this year of the pitcher it will be Gibson and McLain warming up for the first game Wednesday afternoon in St Louis Each has dominated his own league and each is certain to be named Most Valuable Player That has never happened Of equal importance is the fact that each is chasing history in a Series that already has history lingering all around it Should a man sit down at a Hammond X-77 organ in a melancholy mood and try to conjure up the names and deeds of past 30-game winners who pitched in a World Series, he might shove in all the stops and quit in fright. Should that man be Dennis McLain, he might be doubly troubled Leopold Stokowski, Charlie Chaplin, Walter P Chrysler and Thomas E Dewey, like McLain, were born under the sign of Aries and the horoscope for Oct 2 says "difficult" Further, when McLain plunks his cap down on whatever color his hair happens to be that day and walks to the mound he joins only seven other 30-game winners ever to pitch in a World Series. To pronounce their names aloud is to hear the pounding of a drum Christy Mathewson, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Jack Coombs, Smokey Joe Wood, Lefty Grove, Jim

Detroit supporting cast includes Jim Northrup, who makes a specialty of grand-slam homers, defensive Bill Freehan, league's best catcher Al Kaline







Bagby, Dizzy Dean. None had a losing record in a Series. The seven won 23 Series games while losing 12.

Bob Gibson, like Richard Burton, Walter Cronkite, Charles de Gaulle and Pablo Picasso, was born under the sign of Scorpio. His horoscope for the day on which he will meet Denny McLain suggests that he "make his motives quite clear." One clear motive is a record. Should Gibson pitch a complete game, it will be his sixth in a row. He will stand alone as the steadiest pitcher in Series annals. The matchup of McLain and Gibson, in other words, is not, as the pitchers themselves might say, "just another Series game." Already the overtones are classic.

The best judges of that are the other players. They are talking about almost nothing else but the McLain-Gibson duel. Jim (Mudcat) Grant, a man who won two games in the 1965 Series for Minnesota and now has moved over to Los Angeles in the National League, says, "This will be the best matchup in a World Series in a long time. Both teams are real strong, with St. Louis having a little of everything. But I think Detroit may be one of the strongest teams in baseball in a long time. The Tigers have average speed, good pitching and they have the big thing going for them—incentive. I'd say Gibson is the key. If he pitches the way he has been, he wins three games. That makes St. Louis tough—mighty tough."

Hank Aguirre, for 10 years a Tiger and now a Dodger, says, "The Tigers have tremendous power and maybe more important is the fact that last year they felt they should have won the pennant and didn't. This has driven them all year. They gained great determination by losing last year and they never lost that determination this season. Detroit sends so many good batters at you—seven tough hitters at all times and every one with a club capable of clearing the fence." Ken Boyer, a former Cardinal who has played in both leagues and is a fine student of the game, likes Gibson over McLain, observing, "St. Louis has the great one in Gibson."

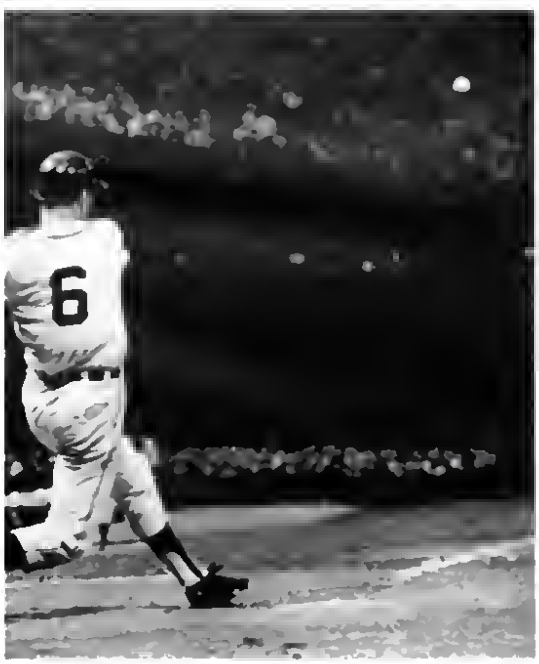
Many people feel that Gibson has an advantage over McLain because of his experience in two previous Series. McLain, however, is not something that just arrived full blown at Detroit in the spring of this season. He has pitched in Busch Memorial Stadium before, and his performance there ranks very high in the happenings of recent seasons. He was the starting pitcher for the American League in the 1966 All-Star Game in 105° heat, and the National League batting order that he faced was formidable. Willie Mays, Roberto Clemente, Henry Aaron, Willie McCovey, Ron Santo, Joe Torre, Jim Lefebvre, Leo Cardenas and, just to make it a little tougher, Curt Flood as a pinch hitter in the third inning. McLain pitched three perfect innings against that lineup with only two balls being hit out of the infield. He was fast and sharp—bing, bang, up, down, who's next?

The Cardinals and Tigers met once before in a World Series, and it turned into one of the most talked-about ever played. The year was 1934 and the city of Detroit had not seen a pennant fly above its ball park in 25 frustrating years. It was a memorable Tiger team, with Mickey Cochrane, Schoolboy Rowe, Charlie Gehringer, Hank Greenberg and Goose Goslin. St. Louis had to struggle to make it to the Series and entered only by beating out the New York Giants on the final day of the season. These were the Gashouse Cardinals of Frank Frisch, Leo Durocher, Joe Medwick, Pepper Martin and the Dean Boys. "Me [Dizzy] and Paul," Dizzy was a spectacular 30-game winner that year. He got his 30 wins by winning six times in the final 21 days of the season.

The Series opened in Detroit and as the Cardinals pulled into Union Station on the *Wabash Cannonball* several hundred people were there to see what they looked like. The next day the front page

continued

a long-time hero who may be making the scene a year too late, tough pitcher and home run hitter Earl Wilson, and all-round nuisance Dick McAuliffe







of the Detroit *News* told them, "Of course," said the *News*, "everybody wanted to see the Dizzy Dean and the Daffy Dean, who are presumed to be here to teach America's Schoolboy a few lessons in speed-ball throwing. The Daffy Dean was first off the train, and the Dizzy Dean brought up the rear. Mrs. Dizzy Dean was with him, and they are a couple of nice folks."

It wasn't a World Series of niceties, however. The teams played six games even. In the sixth inning of the seventh game, with the Cardinals leading 8–0, Medwick slid hard into Tiger Third Baseman Marv Owen. The Tiger fans became enraged at the force of Medwick's slide, and when he tried to take his defensive position in left field fruit and vegetables cascaded down on him. Judge Landis, the Commissioner of Baseball, held court on the field with the two managers, Cochrane and Frisch, as well as Medwick and Owen. He removed Medwick from the game, .379 batting average and all, but the Cards won anyway.

What a marvelous paradox it is that in 1968, Detroit's biggest year, one of the men put into the Hall of Fame was Ducky Medwick. And before the start of the second game this year he will throw out the first ball. But there are other paradoxes. The two first basemen, Orlando Cepeda and Norm Cash, enter this Series as controversial men—Cepeda because he has been one of the finest hitters in the game but has compiled an All-Star and World Series batting average of just .093, and Cash because he has never come close to equaling his 1961 season when he hit 41 homers and led the league in batting with .361. Recently Cepeda has started to hit, but his average of .246 is the lowest in his career. Cash, who was batting .192 at the end of June, suddenly reverted to the Stormin' Norman of seven years ago and over the last two weeks has been hitting around .500. There are a lot of men who couldn't throw a ball safely into the outfield often enough to compile an average of .500.

Mayo Smith, Detroit's manager, is confronted by a unique situation—one of those damned-if-you-do and damned-if-you-don't things. Al Kaline is one of the most respected men ever to play baseball and he has been in 14 All-Star Games and rung up an average of .340. Many years ago he promised himself that he would never go to a World Series unless he played in it. Now he is going, but will he play? Injured twice this season, he has appeared in fewer than 100 games, but he has played well. Smith must decide whether to use him in right field or to rely on Jim Northrup, who won many games with his base-clearing homers; or should he put Kaline at first instead of Cash? Smith has the sympathy of everybody but the Cardinals.

Roger Maris, one of the stars of the Red Sox-Cards Series and one of the key St. Louis players, announced some weeks ago that he was retiring at the end of the season to run his beer distributorship in Gainesville, Fla. "I just can't keep that desire up anymore," he said recently. Consider some of the things Roger Maris has done:

1960—First game as a New York Yankee, four hits in five at bats, two home runs, four runs batted in. First time at bat in a World Series, home run off ElRoy Face.

1961—Hit 61 home runs. Sixty-second home run of that season came in third game of Series against Cincinnati, won game for Yanks.

1966—Last at bat as a Yankee, pinch-hit home run.

1967—First game as a St. Louis Cardinal, two hits in five at bats. First home stand as Cardinal, 8 for 17. First game back in New York (and receiving boos), 2 for 4; first series of games in New York, 5 for 11.

1968—Last appearance in New York, 3 for 4.

The Series this year is being compared —without much sense or originality— to the race between the tortoise and the hare. The premise is faulty. Detroit has hit many more home runs than the Cardinals (at the end of last week it was 182 to 72) but St. Louis has power in its lineup almost all the way down. As the Boston Red Sox remember, Julian Javier is stronger than he seems. Detroit is not really a speed team but it runs the bases well. It need not live and

continued

Slashing slides of Lou Brock, not always visible in statistics, are vital to Card attack



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die by the home run, although it sure makes living a lot easier when the Tigers have it. Dick McAuliffe, one of the most aggressive hitters in baseball, can open a game with a homer and has true power, as his 16 homers, 24 doubles and 10 triples will attest. Willie Horton looks like he may someday hit a ball out of Tiger Stadium all the way to Willow Run, and Northrup and Cash can be hard on any right-handed pitcher.

Bill Freehan is Detroit's leader. Had it not been for super years by Carl Yastrzemski in 1967 and McLain this season, he also would have been the American League's leader as Most Valuable Player two years running. Late in August, when the Tiger lead was cut to five games as Detroit lost four straight to the New York Yankees (all by one run), a lot of baseball writers thought they could sniff panic in the air. Freehan did not. He took a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard, "Anybody who thinks the world ended today doesn't belong here." Freehan, however, has had problems throwing out base runners, and the Cardinals will certainly test his arm during the Series.

Since the first of August, St. Louis has been playing unconvincing ball. It has, in fact, lost four more games than it has won, and that hardly seems like the stuff of champions. Being so far in front for two straight seasons might have caused a psychological letdown, but St. Louis has been making far too many mental mistakes. It is important that the Cards enter the Series in the right frame of mind because the Tigers are not the Pittsburgh Pirates or the Atlanta Braves.

Detroit, by contrast, has been all but unbeatable during the last few weeks. It has been getting excellent pitching, and at one point the staff ran off 12 straight complete games. Mickey Lolich, as usual, is having a fine second half of the season despite having to take care of his seven motorcycles, and Earl Wilson, a good pitcher who has been hit three times by line drives this year, has pitched some excellent games. Wilson has also hit seven home runs. For most of the season Detroit's bullpen has been splendid. The Cardinal bullpen, with the exception of Joe Hoerner, has been inconsistent.

But the St. Louis pitching situation behind Gibson is not exactly grim. Manager Red Schoendienst also has a man named Nelson Briles, an 18-game winner who won a well-pitched game in last year's Series. Recently Ray Washburn, who has been a solid performer for the Cards all season long (15-7), threw a no-hitter. Lefthander Steve Carlton still has a tremendous amount of promise, even if his recent performances have not been as good as his early ones.

This year's Series, of course, will be the last true World Series. Next year under new divisional setups, teams will arrive at a "Series" by some silly system that includes almost everything but tossing the rosters up Commissioner Eckert's stairs and seeing in what order they land. The Cardinals and Tigers are two fine teams to have in any Series, and both have a lively baseball tradition besides. Outside of Tiger Stadium in Detroit is a plaque of Ty Cobb with the simple inscription "Greatest Tiger of All. A Genius in Spikes." In front of Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis is a recently unveiled statue of Stan Musial. Through the years these two teams have given baseball many extraordinary players—Hornsby, Heilmann, Manush, Frisch, the Deans, Cochrane, Alexander, Gehringer, Greenberg. They now give Gibson against McLain. **END**

Scoring potential of Maris and other good Cardinal base runners will be sharply increased if Cepeda (foreground) begins to hit



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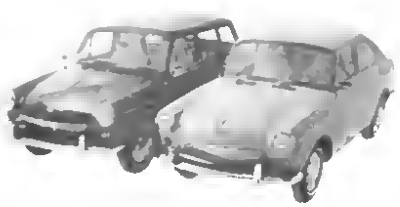
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A BIG NIGHT IN A LI'L OL' TOWN

With the governor serving as cheerleader and all Baton Rouge behind him, LSU's Tigers get their season off to a roaring start by snatching a win from Texas A & M when a ball is lost at the goal line **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

In Baton Rouge they say that not even the annual convening of the legislature in Louisiana's skyscraper capitol downtown or the swell splendor of a gubernatorial inauguration can rival the splash of the football season at Louisiana State University. If you don't believe it, just stop by the governor's mansion and ask. Of course, the governor's mansion itself is pretty hard to believe. A $1 million Dixieland Taj Mahal, it is so magnificently jacked up by alabaster columns on the outside and so thoroughly strewn with antiques and brocade on the inside that it makes the White House look tacky.

The present occupant of this bit of Louisiana baroque is one John McKeithen, a strapping country boy from up in Columbia, La., who grew into a graying, handsome, personable man, picture-perfect for the role of governor even though what he would really like to be is the LSU quarterback. He seems totally at home around the mansion—so at home that he sometimes wears a beige jump suit when he greets visitors.

Governor McKeithen has a forceful personality, and in Louisiana a governor, even one in a beige jump suit, can, if he chooses, exercise powers approximating those of the Shah of Iran and Boss Tweed combined. So it is best not to argue when he says, "Baton Rouge is the greatest football town in America, my fren'. Columbus, Ohio don't even come close to the spirit we got right heah in this li'l ol' country town. Football season is the social season and politics don't even come close. When you see football at LSU you see a spectacle, my fren'. A real spectacle!"

Well, there are spectacles and there are spectacles, but the one that the LSU Tigers put on Saturday night in Baton Rouge as they beat a fine Texas A & M team 13-12 was a spectacle, my fren'. The LSU victory was engineered in large part by a scampering, tiny (5' 9", 165 pounds) quarterback named Freddie Haynes, the son of a parish sheriff in Minden, La. While Haynes bobbed, dodged and bootlegged his team to victory, Governor McKeithen slammed his hands against the wall of his private booth above Tiger Stadium and 68,000 fanatics shrieked and slammed each other. Never mind that Texas A & M's cool and graceful Edd Hargett was far the better quarterback on the field and only a fluky fumble by A & M on LSU's one-foot line saved the night for the Tigers. No one interested in life, liberty or a continuing



LSU's mini-quarterback, Freddie Haynes, flees from A & M's charging linemen on the type of option play that brought Tigers their late-game win

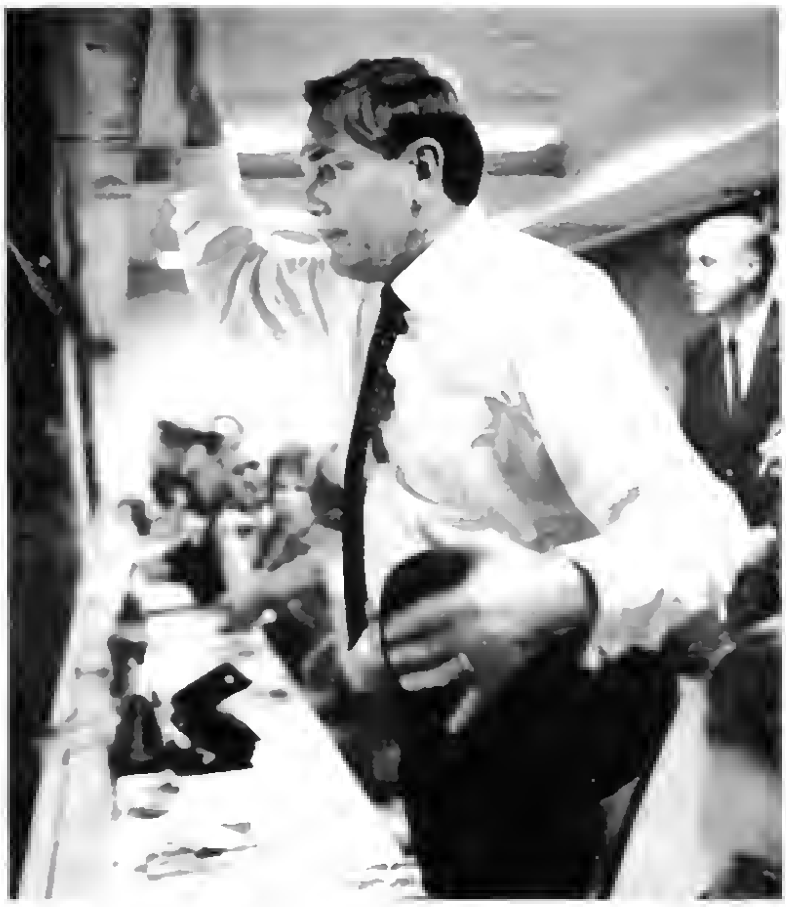
pursuit of happiness would suggest such things in Baton Rouge last weekend.

It is an axiom around the Louisiana capital that no man—be he butcher, baker, stringy-head-swing (local slang for hippie), uppity country club member or governor of a sovereign state—hath greater love than that given by citizens of Baton Rouge to the LSU football Tigers. It is not a law to love LSU, although McKeithen probably could make it one if he wanted. But it is not easy to feel wanted in Baton Rouge unless you are four-square and roaring for the Tigers. There is nowhere to go.

Try Boh & Jakes, for example. It is Baton Rouge's one high-toned nightclub and it has a flossy floor show each evening. But about every 10 minutes the band strikes up some LSU fight song and everyone pushes back his plate of oysters Bienville to stand up and sing. Or, if you are on the LSU campus, go to Free Speech Alley, which is a narrow corridor outside the Student Union Building where the college's minute population of bewhiskered liberals debates opponents from the vast assortment of campus conservatives. Even the heards-and-heads crowd is do-or-die for LSU football.

Or stop at the gate of a refinery in the bleak north end of town. Workers say they arrange vacations, night shifts, bowling leagues and family pregnancies so they won't miss games. Or read the society pages of the local papers. New Orleans society has its Mardi Gras and Baltimore its Cotillion, but Baton Rouge has football, and to every country club president, dinner-dance group secretary and would-be debutante's mother the Texas A & M game kicked off the in-society calendar for the year. Indeed, there are so many cocktail parties before, after and during the game that some of Baton Rouge's jet setters attend in sequined party dresses.

The reason for such a profound commitment to football is not terribly complex. For one thing, except for a journey to New Orleans—which is roughly to Baton Rouge what Paris is to Gary, Ind.—there is not all that much to do in Louisiana once the sun sets over the swamps. So why not fill in the dark hours with football games? Why not, indeed. Louisiana high school football, played almost exclusively at night, pulls enormous crowds. Newspapers such as the *Baton Rouge Morning Advocate* spend five or six full pages each Saturday on stories dealing with Opelousas vs. Lafayette and Ponchatoula vs. Destrehan. Of LSU's 19,500 students, 88% are from Louisiana. Thus, as LSU's genial Head Coach Charlie McClendon puts it, "Our players go to college with boys they knew in high school. These kids know the athletes aren't animals, and they admire them. That's why there is better spirit here than anyplace I know. In the stadium the excitement is like an electric wire running from the stands to the field."



Rising to the occasion, Louisiana Governor McKeithen grimaces when LSU cause looks [illegible]

True enough. And that LSU electricity has shocked plenty of opponents over the years. In fact, it reaches such a point of ferocity that some coaches will not start their best sophomores for fear they will become unglued by the avalanches of noise, and there is scarcely a sportswriter alive who has not compared a game in Tiger Stadium with the Lions vs. the Christians. The crowd volume is so fierce that Charlie McClendon sometimes has his team work out with a loudspeaker blaring recorded stadium roars. A few gung-ho souls insist that the noise is simply the good, clean sound of rampant school spirit. Others argue that long afternoons before the game with quite another kind of spirits is a factor. But nobody will contest that the level of enthusiasm is astonishing.

Governor McKeithen himself is no mean addition to the bedlam. In his booth atop the stadium, where he is accompanied by friends and four state policemen in sharp blue blazers with only a snazzy pocket emblem to identify their professional roles, he is a rousing menace to be near. As everyone must in Tiger Stadium, he talks at the top of his voice and accentuates the finer points of his commentary on the game with fast, hard finger pokes or elbow prods or palm slaps. "See? See?" he shouts. Then he pokes. "What'd I tell you. I said, 'Roll out, Freddie' and he did. First down! See?" Not since the ram-

continued

paging days of Huey Long, the flamboyant Kinglish, has Louisiana—or the entire U.S., for that matter—seen a governor so wrapped up in football. McKeithen favors the nickname "Coach," and last fall he skipped out on his own election night to fly to Jackson for the Ole Miss-LSU game.

John McKeithen will never equal Huey Long's antic fanaticism, and does not want to. The Kingfish led parades, gave blistering locker-room talks and screamed signals to the team from the sidelines. He once threatened to raise taxes on railroad bridges 4,000', if the Illinois Central did not lower its fare for LSU students taking a football train to Nashville; the fare dropped from $19 to $6. Once when he heard that the date of a circus visit to Baton Rouge was hurting LSU game ticket sales, he called the circus manager and told him that he would force him to put every lion, tiger, elephant and gorilla through a sheep-dip to prevent who knows what foul diseases unless the show date was changed; it was. Oddly enough, Huey did not destroy football at LSU. He probably made it what it is.

"I think I can do as much good as Huey did," says McKeithen, "but I'll do it without interfering." Nowadays McKeithen only appears on LSU sidelines to help with pregame recruiting spiels to high school prospects. He shakes the hand of each boy and fervently urges him to come to Baton Rouge, and then the governor retires to his seat upstairs. But he is in there pitching hard all year to sell top players on LSU. When a boy comes to town McKeithen may have him chauffeured around in his white Cadillac. The best prospects always get a personal interview with the governor and often a breakfast at the mansion. During the game last Saturday night an LSU tackle made a spectacular play, and McKeithen jabbed, poked and grabbed a bystander, shouting, "See that 73? 73? That's John Sage from Houston, Texas! He's a fahn boy, a fahn boy. He et all mah breakfast one mornin' up at the mansion, John Sage. We recruited him from Houston."

McKeithen insists that he does not impose himself on Charlie McClendon's staff. "If they ask mah help, I give it fast. If Charlie Mac wants me to talk to a boy, I'm on the phone to his mommy and daddy one minute after the coach hangs up."

Although the governor's enthusiasm is both constant and contagious, he—along with all staunch LSU fans—has been less than absolutely optimistic about LSU's 1968 team. The team was sound, as usual, on defense, and boasted such solid running backs as Tommy Allen and Eddie Ray, but the quarterback situation seemed dim going into the opener against Texas A&M, the Southwest Conference champion. McClendon has long insisted that Freddie Haynes, small as he is, was the only man really qualified to replace the departed Nelson Stokley, who broke many LSU passing records. But there was wide dissent around Louisiana. Haynes was roundly booed during a spring game, and last summer the rumor spread that the only reason he was LSU's No. 1 quarterback was because he was related to the governor. "They's no kin, nohow," snorts McClendon. "Freddie's merited the job."

For a good part of the first half against A&M it did not seem that Freddie Haynes or the LSU Tigers in general would ever merit another breakfast at the mansion. Coach Gene Stallings' well-schooled defense, led by Linebacker Billy Hobbs and 245-pound Tackle Rolf Krueger, kept LSU's runners stalled cold. LSU did not get a first down until more than 12 minutes had gone by.

The Aggies began the scoring with a safety after a snap from center soared over Punter Eddie Ray's head and out of the end zone. Less than two minutes later A&M got the ball on LSU's 46 and Edd Hargett passed for 19 and 25 yards, and then hit Wingback Bob Long for a touchdown. For the first nine minutes of the second quarter LSU's offense remained stuck while the Aggies added a field goal.

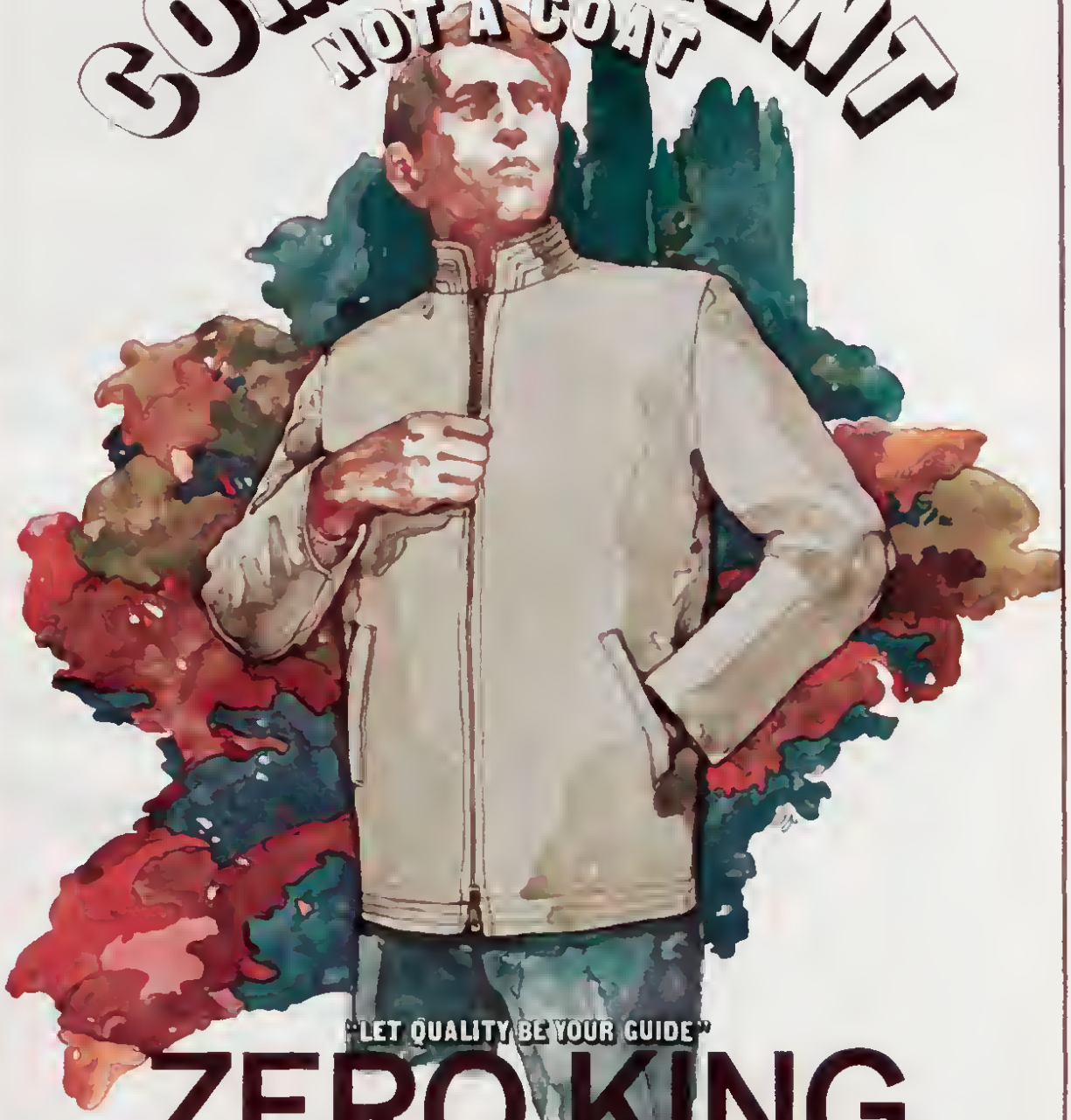
It was now 12-0 and even the vaunted Tiger Stadium spirit was turning soggy. The crowd revived a little midway through the quarter—but only to boo angrily when Coach McClendon ordered a punt on third down. Finally, late in the quarter, Haynes's backup quarterback, Jimmy Gilbert, came in after Freddie was knocked dizzy by a tackle, and it was Gil-

continued



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bert who led LSU to its first touchdown, a three-yard plunge by Tailback Frank Matte after a 40-yard drive. The extra point was missed, which seemed natural enough for a team that last year was labeled the Toeless Tigers.

Up in the governor's booth there was an air of rather strained optimism as the third quarter started. "Hey, we gonna intercept one. You watch," shouted McKeithen. "Or we'll recover a fumble. We do that and it's our game. All ours." Even though the Aggies seemed flat and were showing signs of weariness against LSU's deeper squad, the governor was even more uneasy as the fourth quarter began.

"Well," he boomed, "this is a great team, these Aggies. We may not beat 'em. But don't worry. Don't worry! We gonna beat some real good teams this year. Real good!"

And, sure enough, in the fourth quarter LSU did beat a real good team, because suddenly Freddie Haynes took on new stature. Starting on the LSU 44, he picked up nine yards himself on an option play. He had been told at the half to avoid the left side of Texas A & M's line, to keep away from Hobbs and Krueger, so from the Aggie 21, Haynes sent Tommy Allen for four straight slants in the other direction and LSU wound up on the four. Two plays later, performing with the deft timing that an option quarterback must display, Haynes kept the ball until the perfect moment, then pitched to Jim West for the touchdown. That made it 12–12. Would it wind up a toeless tie? No, this time Mark Lumpkin hit the ball true, and LSU had the lead at last.

At this point A & M struck back. Edd Hargett fired two superb passes for 47 and 23 yards, and suddenly Tiger Stadium burst into noisy alarm. The governor pounded the wall. The Aggies were on the LSU five. Two plays gained one yard. Then Hargett pitched wide to Bob Long. Long raced to within a foot of the goal, was hit just as he took the last step toward the end zone and dropped the ball. It rolled—as if obeying a gubernatorial decree—through the end zone and out of bounds for an automatic touchback and LSU took over, its victory in hand. The stadium was delirious. The governor was delirious. Texas A & M probably was delirious, too. That Baton Rouge is one real football town, my fren'. END

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MEXICO 68

Never has an approaching Olympics been beset by more immediate and potential problems than Mexico City's—altitude, racial and political boycotts, riots, red tape, delays—but the Olympic idea is still strong. The curtain is going up, perhaps shakily, but up



GAMES IN TROUBLE

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD



There are many things that make the XIX Olympiad the most intriguing of modern Olympic Games, and some of them are good. For openers, the Mexicans offer a stimulating approach to food and drink (gastroenteritis is a worthwhile risk for tourists) and a brassy architecture that seems to bring everything in Mexico City into particularly sharp focus. Olympic visitors—150,000 are expected to occupy in shifts the 67,000 available beds—will find Mexico City a wildly beautiful place with a traffic pattern that resists man's Euclidean designs. The closest thing to a square in downtown Mexico City is a trapezoid. This increases the excitement when the bus drivers race each other through the streets. Whole families sit on the curbs of Mexico City to watch the traffic.

It is not true that Mexicans are lazy, but they do have great patience in getting things done. Conservative Mexican thieves are known to risk capture by taking the time to remove the radio without stealing the car. But the Mexicans can also strike with inspirational fire when there is a chance to do something bold and fresh.

The Olympics have given the Mexicans this chance to let loose their inspiration. For the first time in the history of the Games, runners will run on a synthetic track (Tartan) that is impervious to rain, heat and after-race excuses, and platform divers will be able to conserve energy as they rise to the occasion on a hydraulic elevator. A pretty Mexican girl (Señorita Enriqueta Basilio) instead of a muscular boy will run the Olympic torch into the opening ceremonies on October 12. Mexico City barbers will feature at regular prices a sweeping Olympic style for men and a five-ringlet coif for women, dangling from each ringlet a ribbon to match the colors of the five rings of the Olympic insignia.

Most inspired of the new ideas is the return to the Greek practice of putting culture on the same program with sport. Ancient Athens had its Euripides and Pindar; Mexico City's Cultural Olympiad is featuring Duke Ellington, Maurice Chevalier, the Bolshoi Opera and Astronaut Gordon Cooper. The English poet Robert Graves is offering a special Olympic ode in Spanish. Salvador Dali has created a discus thrower, a mass of rippling oils that will be the most expensive athlete at the Games ($28,570, insured). An African ballet group is performing topless.

This will be Mexico's first Olympics and the first ever for Latin America, just as the 1964 Games in Tokyo were the first for the Orient. Though XIX is the official designation, there were no VI, XII or XIII Olympics, those giving

continued

U.S sprint strength is epitomized by (from left) Jim Hines, Ronnie Ray Smith, Mel Pender and Charlie Greene, who will run 400-meter relay.

continued

way to world wars. Unfortunately for the Mexicans, old XIX staggers (*see cover*) into the starting blocks as though it had already been through a war, and it is a good bet that it will not reach the closing ceremonies on October 27 without further suffering. The Tokyo Olympics, devoid of inter- and intranational strife, handled with tact and calm by the Japanese, were known as the Happy Games. Everybody went home smiling. The Japanese were lucky. We may never see another Olympiad like it. The Mexicans will be host to 7,226 athletes from 119 countries, and their games are sure to be the biggest in history—roughly 7,000 athletes and 110 countries enlarged from Olympiad I. They could also be the worst, as they are already the most troubled, through no fault of the Mexicans.

To better understand the situation, it must be remembered that there never was an Olympiad that entirely lived up to Olympic ideals. Believers and apologists go into a quadrennial agony in search of the True Meaning of the Games, but as long as man has had a hand in them the Games have fallen short of Olympus. The original Olympics were dispensed with in 393 A.D. because they had, under Roman influence, attained a peak of paganism and crookedness (Nero fell out of a chariot race once and declared himself the winner; Olympic champions were set up for life, losers were left to be scorned like dogs). The modern Olympics were born in 1896, more a credit to the promotional pluck of a tiny little French baron named Pierre de Coubertin than to any kind of international bent for brotherhood through sport. De Coubertin spoke with a straight tongue: he said the "foundation of real human morality lies in human respect, and to respect one another it is necessary to know one another." With that humbling exhortation, the Games have progressed to the point (the surest thing you can say about them is that they endure) where knowing one another has made it possible to predict a regular slate of exercises in Olympic dubiety: just what *is* an amateur, anyway? How can you separate the Olympics from politics? How can you guard them against exploitation? National self-interest? International incidents? Sexless women? Moral turpitude? Professionalism? Bad feeling? Nicotine and tars?

Mexico's particular troubles begin with geography. Mexico City is 7,349 feet above the sea and places such demands on a man's lung capacity that at least one alarmist has predicted runners will die during the Games. That, happily, is an extremely remote likelihood, but the *thin* air seems *certain* to keep any of the superb sea-level runners from emulating the multigold-medal feats of past Olympics. Jim Ryun, for prime example, had his heart set on an 800-1,500 double, but at the exhausting high-altitude U.S. Trials at Lake Tahoe, Ryun could not make it in the 800 and had to prove himself all over again in the 1,500.

Troubles move from there to the stereotype of the Mexican peasant, slumped against the wall, sombrero down to shield his eyes from the work left undone. The Japanese, miffed that they had not been consulted on how to shape up Mexico City construction, predicted an Olympic doomsday. A European said flatly, "These people [the Mexicans] can't do it." Hardly anyone was willing to believe that the Mexicans were actually working around the clock, by sun and by floodlight, to beat the deadline.

Then there was the question of Mexico's smoldering young activists. They don't like President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz' government, and they are trying to bring it down. As activists they are no different from the young at Berkeley or Columbia. That is to say, some of them are true idealists, and some are what Daniel J. Boorstin has termed the New Barbarians. They are unable to see any long-range good—economic stimulation, national pride—coming from a $150 million Olympic expenditure. There has already been rioting and gunplay in the streets of Mexico City. The rioters are clearly anxious to do their thing in front of plenty of witnesses (the Games will be carried for 42 hours in all on American television and for an average of 11 hours a *day* on Mexican television). Estimates of what they will do range from demonstrating (waving placards), to genuine acts of sabotage, to the provocation of street warfare.

But subverting the Olympic theme has never been just a local project, it is an international undertaking. It can happen anywhere, even in Dallas. Avery Brund-

continued

The Olympics stay with you. The U.S. entries in the hammer —Ed Burke (right), Al Hall and Hal Connolly—all competed in the hammer at Tokyo in 1964



continued

age, president of the International Olympic Committee, says that the Olympics give to mankind more than they receive, and a Dallas girl named Joyce Ann Dobson (described as "short, seductive, well-built") took him at his word. She collected $72,000 or more for the U.S. Olympic Fund. She began wearing furs and riding around in fancy cars. When members of the U.S. Olympic Committee, which prides itself in never taking a penny from the government and never leaving a runner home because of the shorts, tried to find out where the money went Miss Dobson gave them a blank look.

It must seem to Chicago millionaire Brundage that most of his 80 years have been spent in the struggle to disinvolve the Olympic Games from politics, to keep amateurs and professionals distinguishable, to uphold the glory of sport over the self-service of nations. Often he has stood against the odds. Brundage was against a U.S. move to boycott the Berlin Olympics in 1936 (the threat of Olympic boycott is not new with Harry Edwards) even when it was obvious that Adolf Hitler intended to make Aryan hay out of the Games. Brundage prevailed; there was no boycott, and an American Negro named Jesse Owens, the son of an Alabama sharecropper, made chitlings of Hitler's theories right before his very eyes. Furthermore, Owens and the German long jumper, Lutz Long, struck up a close personal friendship—Long's advice helped Owens win one of his four gold medals—the implications of which give Brundage a warm feeling to this day.

"In an imperfect world," Brundage said, "if participation in sport is to be stopped every time laws of humanity are violated, there will never be any international contests." Close on the heels of politics, he blamed professionalism (the word is a terrible big bone in his tired old throat) for the ills of sport, and characterized sportswriters as the devil's advocates. Unfortunately, Brundage does not always win, and as often as not he is made to appear naive and foolish. Professionalism? A Russian can support his family on the money he does not make as an amateur. An American track star can travel around the world with the money he does not receive from hard-dealing international promoters, and when he wins his gold medal he can go off to play for the Chicago Bears with nary a hitch though there are Olympic by-laws that would forbid it.

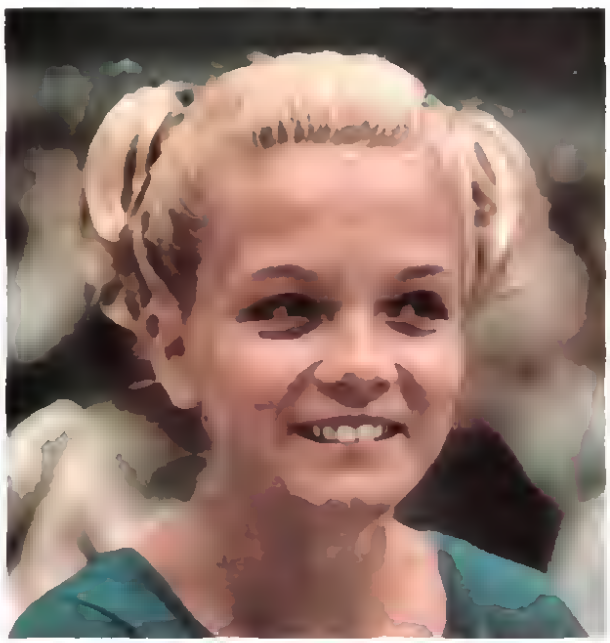
Last April, in Lausanne, Brundage emerged from a meeting of the International Olympic Committee shaken and trembling with rage. South Africa, which had been banned from the Games in 1963 but voted back in last February, was being kicked out again at the behest of 40 or so other nations (and a quaking Mexican delegation) who, in their continuing effort to crystallize world opinion against South African *apartheid*, threatened to boycott. The Russian representative tried to get South Africa out of the IOC altogether for "violating Olympic ideals." Who will we hurt? Brundage argued. Certainly not South Africa's political determination to work out its own salvation, he said. There are other countries, he added, which are not exactly models of Olympic rectitude.

So whom *did* they hurt? In a name or two, a world class sprinter (Paul Nash), a record-breaking swimmer (Karen Muir) and a black half-miler (Humphrey Khosi), whose offense against the world was having been born in a country that sees life with tunnel vision. "We were full of enthusiasm," said Khosi. "Now a lot of people will lose heart."

The irony is impossible to escape. In



Son's tears fail to depress Lee Evans, favored in 400.



Cathy Rigby, 15, is youngest gymnast on U.S. team.



Fifth in Tokyo 800, boyish Tom Farrell tries again.



Hawaiian Keala O'Sullivan is hope in 10-meter dive.

1956 Russian tanks plunged into Hungary and put a death grip on that country's try for independence. The Russians competed in Melbourne that year anyway—only the Dutch refused to join them—and if blood colored the water in the Russian-Hungarian water-polo match, who was to complain? Last August the Russians consummated another exercise in their special brand of idealism. Their tanks took up parking space in downtown Prague. The call for an Olympic boycott against the Russians was feeble, and one can imagine the grim laughter in Johannesburg over the apparent double standards of the International Olympic Committee.

There were other matters to unsettle the Mexicans, of course, closest to home being the proposed boycott by a group of American Negroes led by an assistant professor at San Jose State, Harry Edwards. Edwards used to throw the discus. He never made an Olympic team, but he made enough heat around this one and issued enough hairy ultimatums (Avery Brundage must go; Muhammad Ali must be restored as heavyweight champion) to cause genuine concern for his more realistic objectives. These ultimately were fully aired, and when they did not draw wide support, the boycott was abandoned. It is still possible, however, that those with a carry-over sentiment will try something embarrassing once they get to Mexico City. The Mexicans can only watch and pray.

The moral lost in all this is that the Olympics, the instrument of international uplift, sometimes go far to debase the brotherhood of man. A second special project of late has been the effort to disprove the womanhood of some women. These, as well as efforts to curtail drug taking, will be closely pursued in Mexico City, where certificates will be granted to those who pass certain tests. The certificate will entitle the bearer to call herself a girl. It is not enough anymore for a woman athlete to pass a visual checkup. She must pass the buccal smear and the karyotype (chromosome patterns) examination. If she fails, as did Olympic bronze-medal winner Ewa Klobukowska of Poland, for her next medal she will have to outrun Charlie Greene.

Ewa was tested in Kiev by six gynecologists. She turned up with one too many chromosomes and now she is in hiding in Poland, reported to be in great despair and near suicide. Her disgrace started a wave of not-so-casual excuses by women competitors dropping out of international events, most notable being the Press sisters of Russia, Irina and Tamara. They said their mother was ill, has been ever since, and apparently will be for some time.

The cruelty in this is plain. Ewa Klobukowska passed the physical characteristics test, and doctors say she may even be capable of normal sexual activity. She was, said one Hungarian doctor, "the victim of medical escalation." (How many medal winners before her would have failed the same test?) The doctor called her a "genetic mosaic." He did not call her a man. An article in the journal of the American Medical Association, meanwhile, discounts the reliability of the buccal and karyotype tests. They are not foolproof, it says. "No single index or criterion can signify an individual's sex." Where does that leave Ewa Klobukowska? Somewhere in Poland, hiding her shame.

What, then, do the Olympics prove if they cannot prove anything as elementary as the sex of their contestants? They do not, in actual fact, prove anything beyond the obvious: that one man can run 100 meters faster than another. They do not prove the righteousness of causes, the supremacy of race or the ascendancy of the socialist order over the democratic. They *do* prove that the United States and Russia can summon up more cash (the U.S. budget to prepare and transport its team is $2 million, compared, say, with the Philippines' $63,000) to send more athletes to accumulate more medals than anybody else. Which is what they will do in Mexico City—the Americans will be better than ever in track

continued





and field and swimming, the Russians will have a medal harvest in the so-called minor sports. About the only extraordinary thing you can expect is the first Olympic defeat ever for an American basketball team.

The real glory of the Games, from ancient days to now, remains in the individual Olympian, and as long as he is not too far obscured by the issues the Games have a chance. What is an Olympian? He is Everyman. He is an Ethiopian palace guard named Abebe Bikila, who lives in a mud house and runs (and wins) marathons with the casual air of a man going for the bus; she is Debbie Meyer, a 16-year-old California girl who lives on peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches and breaks the monotony of her incredibly fast long swims by singing to herself; he is 28-year-old Alvaro Mejia, who sells aluminum ware in his native Colombia and became a long-distance runner only when his bicycle broke down (cyclists are the thing in Colombia), a headstrong man willing to spend $800 traveling to distant track meets to gain the right to go to the Olympics in Tokyo, where he finished dead last in a 5,000-meter heat, his only race.

The Olympian is a man of varied philosophies ("We have a saying in Colombia, 'To marry is to die a little,'" says Alvaro Mejia. "We are a very pampered generation," says Don Schollander, the four-gold-medal swimmer). The Olympian can take his sport seriously, or not so seriously ("What have I done?" said Fanny Blankers-Koen in 1948 as she was being driven through the cheering crowds of Amsterdam in an open coach drawn by four white horses. "All I have done is run fast. I do not see why people should make such a fuss").

For all his excellence, the Olympian is not necessarily the epitome of style and grace. Czechoslovakia's Emil Zátopek ran "as a man who has just been stabbed in the chest," head rolling, eyes glazed, teeth bared, his every step an expression of pain. Zátopek won gold medals at 10,000 meters, 5,000 meters and the marathon in 1952. "The marathon," he said, "is a very boring race." Johnny Hayes, the last American to win the marathon, in 1908, had legs that were so short he appeared to be running in a trench. The American sprint champion Charlie Paddock made flying leaps at the finish line. Bob Hayes did not run a race so much as beat it to death, his great black body seeming to come apart in a series of small explosions. This year an American high jumper named Dick Fosbury goes over the bar backward, as one who would rather see where he has been than where he is going.

The real hope of the Games remains in this medley of individual courage and ability, faults and foibles, skill and strength, as if the synthesizing of so varied a collection will promote the human respect, the "real morality," that Baron de Coubertin dreamed of 72 years ago. When it is all over, Olympians go about the business of becoming Congressmen (Bob Mathias), cereal pushers (Bob Richards), Tarzan of the Apes (Johnny Weissmuller). They become heavyweight champions of the world, pro football stars, pro basketball stars. An Olympic rower named Benjamin Spock became a baby doctor. Parry O'Brien runs tours to Mexico and expertises on track on American television. Emil Zátopek is hiding from the Russians in Czechoslovakia. The last time Don Bragg was seen he was running down Walnut Street in Philadelphia with his vaulting pole, hell-bent toward a make-do box nailed down in the street, about to demonstrate for a live television audience. It was obviously a dangerous stunt, said Bragg, "but when the camera came on, it was show biz, so I did it."

Some of the greatest die broke and alone, like the Sac and Fox Indian Jim Thorpe, who had his Olympic medals taken away from him because as a boy he had played baseball for $15 a game. Babe Didrikson Zaharias, who by her own estimates excelled at everything but dolls, died fighting cancer at 42. An American 400-meter hurdler named Richard Howard was arrested for pushing narcotics and died of an overdose in a seedy hotel room. The first Mexican gold-medal winner, General Humberto Mariles, the equestrian, languishes in Lecumberri Prison. He shot a man over a traffic incident.

What is it, finally, that drives the Olympian toward Olympus, or whatever it is he seeks? Consider Hayes Jones. Hayes Jones was a hurdler. In 1962, while preparing for the Games, he got married and his coach told him he had just traded a gold medal for a bride. Jones says, "I began to lose, and I wanted to quit. I would have quit. My wife would not let me. She kept me going. But when I got to Tokyo I realized my training had not been right, that I had not done enough speed work. I was not fast enough between the hurdles.

"I finished second in the semifinals, and I remember on the last day running up and down in the tunnel under the stadium, trying somehow to develop speed at the last minute. My wife was sitting in the stands with Jesse Owens, and she began to cry because she was convinced I was going to lose. In that tunnel a coaching friend, Ed Temple, came up to me and said, 'Listen, Hayes, forget about your speed. Don't worry about it. Just run between the hurdles. Just *run*.'

"There were three of us right together at the tape in the finals—a Russian, Anatoli Mikhailov, Blaine Lindgren and myself. At first I thought the Russian had won because his coach came out and was hugging him and congratulating him. An Indian coach with a turban was congratulating his runner, who had finished fifth. My coach was just standing there with a cigarette in his mouth. It seemed like 45 minutes before the pictures were in and the lights began to flash on the scoreboard. Then it came: 'First Place, J . . . O . . . N . . . E . . . S . . .' I can't tell you the feeling, the thrill of it. I gave my medal to the kids of Pontiac, Michigan, and it's there now in Pontiac City Hall. It wasn't the medal that mattered, don't you see? It was the experience.

"When I think of the Olympic Games today I don't think of the medal. I think of my wife and Jesse Owens, sitting in the stands and crying, and me in that tunnel trying to get something I did not have, and I think of that scoreboard lighting up, 'J . . . O . . . N . . . E . . . S. . . .'"

American swimmer Debbie Meyer is an obvious gold-medal choice. U.S. four-oars-with-coxswain crew has a good but less-recognized chance

CONTINUED

continued

THE THIRD FORCE

In the Olympics, as in the world, the dominant forces are the U.S. and the Soviet Union. One or the other will "win" the Olympics—that is, capture the most medals, raise its national flag the most times, hear to the point of embarrassment the repeated playing of its national anthem. Germany—which fields two teams this time, one East and one West—will be close behind, and other traditionally strong nations will follow along. But the Olympics are changing. More and more, the so-called lesser countries are moving into the Olympic spotlight, and others are making an impact in events that historically have not been their province. Imagine a Colombian threatening the European monopoly on cycling medals, or an Italian vaulting nearly 17 feet, or a Yugoslavian basketball team seriously challenging the U.S. Here is a Finn with a world record in weight lifting. Finns run, they don't lift weights; no Finn has ever won so much as a bronze in Olympic lifting. But there he is. The times are changing. The athletes shown on these pages are not sure-pop medal winners—no one is at an Olympics—but they are coming on. They matter. Watch for them.



Mexican army Sergeant José Pedraza Zuñiga, 31, standing near the Pyramid of the Sun outside Mexico City, is a threat in the 20- and 50-kilometer walks if his unusual stride does not disqualify him

María del Pilar Roldan of Mexico, daughter of a fine fencer and mother of two sons, seventh at Rome in 1960, was the only non-European in top eight at either Rome or Tokyo.

Interrupting a pickup soccer game in the Slovenian Alps, Yugoslavia's basketball team, which upset U.S. Olympians this summer, shows muscle it will need to win in Mexico







Irish Flyweight Brendan McCarthy, posing before monument with the 1916 proclamation of independence, has lost only two bouts in last two years.

Sporting pearl earrings as she trains, sturdy world record holder Vera Nikolic, 19, is the favorite to win 800-meter gold medal for Yugoslavia



Seventh at Tokyo, Finnish Weight Lifter Kaarlo Kangasniemi, holding daughter Leena and son Ari, set middle-heavyweight world record in August.




ITALI

New Zealand has never placed in the Olympic eights but has high hopes for a surprise gold medal with this crew, working out on the Avon River in Christchurch.

Bearded, 20-year-old Renato Dionisi, a member of Italy's Carabinieri, started pole-vaulting in his father's vineyard and now, at 16' 10¾", is one of best in world

Nigeria is counting on Light Heavyweight Boxer Fatai Ayinla, All-Africa silver medalist, and Sprinter Ronke Akindele, fastest woman runner on the continent.









Before his shoulder was injured, Roar Loeken seemed certain to win Norway's first medal in diving. Now there is serious doubt, but Roar will be trying anyway.

Rapidly improving Keisuke Sawaki of Japan moved to the top flight of world distance runners this year with excellent times at both 5,000 and 10,000 meters.

Colombian Cyclist Martin (Cochise) Rodriquez, enormously popular four-time winner of the Tour of Colombia, will go for medals in the pursuit races.







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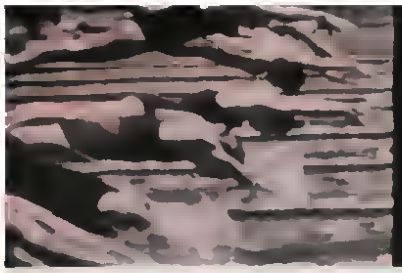
FAVORITES FOR MEDALS IN MEXICO



EVENT	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
TRACK & FIELD				
100 METERS	GREENE, U.S.A.	HINES, U.S.A.	MILLER, Jamaica	Greene and Hines should be 1, 2— or 2, 1— in 100 and Mel Pender could make it a sweep, but Russia's Sapeya and the veteran medalists, Figuerole (Cuba) and Jarome (Canada) are all dangerous. Smith and Carlos dominate the 200, Fray (Jamaica), Questad (U.S.A.) and Roberts (Trinidad) are a step or two behind. Barring a foul up in the passing zones, U.S. has a sure win in the relay
200 METERS	SMITH, U.S.A.	CARLOS, U.S.A.	BAMBUCK, France	
400 METER RELAY	U.S.A.	EAST GERMANY	FRANCE	
400 METERS	EVANS, U.S.A.	JAMES, U.S.A.	FREEMAN, U.S.A.	The only runners who appear capable of beating the three Americans in the 400 are other Americans not in the race. Most certain gold medal in Olympics is U.S. in 1,600 relay. The 800, on the other hand, is wide open, with potential winners from four continents (Bell and Farrell of the U.S.; Kiprugut, Adams, Kemper, Matuschewski and Fromm of the two Germanies, Doubell of Australia). In the 1,500 Wadoux of France, Garderud of Sweden and De Hertoghe of Belgium are among the medal possibilities
1,600-METER RELAY	U.S.A.	POLAND	WEST GERMANY	
800 METERS	BELL, U.S.A.	KIPRUGUT, Kenya	ADAMS, West Germany	
1,500 METERS	RYUN, U.S.A.	KEINO, Kenya	TUMMLER, West Germany	
5,000 METERS	KEINO, Kenya	GAMMOUDI, Tunisia	CLARKE, Australia	The 10,000 is run first, and altitude may upset plans for doubling up. If Keino and Gammoudi go in the 10, either could win, but if they do go in the 10, they may not be strong in the five. Watch the Russians and Colombia's Mejia in the 10 and Norpoth (West Germany), Mecser (Hungary), Zemmel (Tunisia), Saweki (Japan) in the five. Ethiopia's Bikila, recovering from a knee ailment, might upset Clayton. Young's strength at altitude makes him the steeplechase favorite.
10,000 METERS	TEMU, Kenya	CLARKE, Australia	HAASE, East Germany	
MARATHON	CLAYTON, Australia	BIKILA, Ethiopia	JOHNSTON, Great Britain	
STEEPLECHASE	YOUNG, U.S.A.	KUOINSKY, U.S.S.R.	KUHA, Finland	
110 METER HURDLES	DAVENPORT, U.S.A.	COLEMAN, U.S.A.	OTTOZ, Italy	The U.S. may sweep both hurdle events, with Hall edging Ottoz in the 110 and Gittins beating Hemery in the 400. Frinolli of Italy, Singer of East Germany and Knoke of Australia are also strong in the longer event.
400 METER HURDLES	WHITNEY, U.S.A.	VANDERSTOCK, U.S.A.	HEMERY, Great Britain	
HIGH JUMP	CARUTHERS, U.S.A.	GAVRILOV, U.S.S.R.	SKVORTSOV, U.S.S.R.	Caruthers' superb performance in the trials established him as the favorite in the high jump. Beamon appears supreme in long jump and old Ralph Boston could earn his third Olympic medal. Finland's Pousi has best triple jump in world this year and may be medalist. So might two time winner Schmidt of Poland. Other vaulters to watch include Pennel of U.S., Alarotu and Mustakari of Finland, Papanicolaou of Greece, Bliznetsov of Russia and Dionisi of Italy.
LONG JUMP	BEAMON, U.S.A.	TER OVANESYAN, U.S.S.R.	DAVIES, Great Britain	
TRIPLE JUMP	SANEYEV, U.S.S.R.	NEUMANN, East Germany	WALKER, U.S.A.	
POLE VAULT	SEAGREN, U.S.A.	NOROWIG, East Germany	O'ENCAUSSE, France	
SHOTPUT	MATSON, U.S.A.	WOODS, U.S.A.	MAGGARD, U.S.A.	West Germany's Birlenbach and East Germany's Hoffmann are threats in the shot. The U.S. could go 1, 2, 3, in discus with Carlsen, but Danek of Czechoslovakia is at his best in October. In the hammer Theimer of East Germany and Bonderchuk or Kondrashov of Russia have the best chance to keep the 1, 2, 3 finishers at Tokyo from repeating, and Burke of the U.S. cannot be counted out. U.S. has only a slim chance of interrupting the European monopoly in the javelin.
DISCUS	SILVESTER, U.S.A.	DERTER, U.S.A.	MILDE, East Germany	
HAMMER	KLIM, U.S.S.R.	ZSIVOTZKY, Hungary	BEYER, West Germany	
JAVELIN	LUSIS, U.S.S.R.	KINNUNEN, Finland	KULCSAR, Hungary	



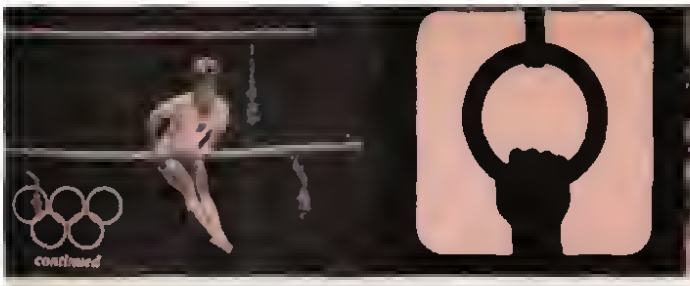





EVENT	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
DECATHLON	BENDLIN, West Germeny	TOOMEY, U S A	AUN, U.S.S R	Toomey, who has stamina to win, claims Bendlin will take gold or drop out with an injury
20 KM WALK	AGAPOV, U.S S R	REIMANN, East Germany	PEDRAZA, Mexico	Agapov broke the world record in the 20-km. walk this year but altitude may be a factor in Pedraza's favor. East Germans, led by Höhne, will be hard to beat in the 50-km. Larry Young of the U S rs surprisingly good
50-KM WALK	HOHNE, East Germany	NERMERICH, West Germeny	NIHILL, Great Britain	
WOMEN 100 METERS	TYUS, U.S.A.	BAILES, U S A	SZEWINSKA, Poland	Tyus, the defender in the 100 meters, is back to her 1964 form but Bailes might beat her. Either Burge of Australia or Ferrell of the U.S.A. are likely to challenge for third. In the 200 world record holder Szewinska (formerly Kirszenstein) should win by a couple of yards. Cuba's Cobien is a medal threat. The U S should win the relay. Cuba and Britain are medal possibilities.
200 METERS	SZEWINSKA, Poland	BURGE, Australia	BAILES, U.S.A	
400-METER RELAY	U.S A.	U.S.S R	AUSTRALIA	
400 METERS	BOARD, Great Britain	SCOTT, U.S.A.	BURDA, U.S.S R	Sweden's Wallgren is a possibility in the 400 meters. So are Keizer of The Netherlands and Silai of Rumania in the 800, especially since Manning seems troubled by altitude.
800 METERS	NIKOLIC, Yugoslavia	BROWN, U.S.A.	MANNING, U.S.A	
80-METER HURDLES	KILBORN, Australia	BALZER, East Germany	KORSAKOVA, U S S R	Balzer upset Kilborn in Tokyo but won't this time. Watch Russia's Ivleva and China's Cheng
HIGH JUMP	SCHMIDT, East Germany	OKOROKOVA, U.S.S R	GUSENBAUER, Austria	Schmidt is nearly two inches better than her competition and hard to pick against. Becker was the world's best long jumper last year. Sherwood of Britain, Rosendahl of West Germany, Wieczorek of East Germany or Viscopoleanu of Rumania could win medals. Shotput favorite Chizhova is consistent. In the discus Westermann has reclaimed her world record but her bad habit of losing to East Germans makes Illgen the choice. The javelin will be close. Penes of Rumania, Koloska of West Germany, Janko of Austria and Fuchs of East Germany are all strong.
LONG JUMP	SZEWINSKA, Poland	BECKER, West Germany	BERTHELSEN, Norway	
SHOTPUT	CHIZHOVA, U S S R	GUMMEL, East Germany	BOGNAR, Hungary	
DISCUS	ILLGEN, East Germany	WESTERMANN, West Germany	SPIELBERG, East Germany	
JAVELIN	JAWORSKA, Poland	NEMETH, Hungary	FRIEDRICH, U S A	
PENTATHLON	ROSENDAHL, West Germany	BECKER, West Germany	TIKHOMIROVA, U.S S.R	With Britain's Mary Rand retired, Rosendahl should win, possibly with a new world record
SWIMMING 100 METER FREESTYLE	ZORN, U S A	WALSH, U S A.	SPITZ, U.S.A	Schollander, four time gold medalist at Tokyo, is in a class by himself in the 200, but watch Nelson (U S) Zorn's competition will be tougher in the 100, *but this 6' 4" Californian seldom loses.* Spitz seems certain to finish at least third in the 100, but Russia's Ilyichev and France's Rousseu are both good. Burton and Echeverria will wage classic duels, though pressed by Hutton in the 400. Burton's times are better, but Echeverria is more in tune with the altitude.
200 METER FREESTYLE	SCHOLLANDER, U.S.A.	WENDEN, Australia	ILYICHEV, U.S.S R	
400-METER FREESTYLE	BURTON, U S A	ECHEVERRIA, Mexico	HUTTON, Canada	
1,500 METER FREESTYLE	BURTON U S A	ECHEVERRIA, Mexico	KINSELLA, U S A	
100 METER BREASTSTROKE	FIOLO, Brazil	PANKIN, U.S S R	HENNINGER, East Germany	Otherwise dominant Americans may not even win a medal, unless Merten or Job surprise. Australia's O'Brien, gold medal winner in '64, will have trouble repeating.
200 METER BREASTSTROKE	KOSINSKY, U S S R	PANKIN, U.S.S R	FIOLO, Brazil	

CONTINUED





EVENT	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
100-METER BUTTERFLY	SPITZ, U S A	RUSSELL, U.S A	WALES, U S A	Precocious Spitz, armed with both world records, should take gold medals in his specialties. Great Britain's Woodroffe will challenge the U.S. powerhouse in both events.
200-METER BUTTERFLY	SPITZ, U.S A.	FERRIS, U S.A.	ROBIE, U.S A.	
100 METER BACKSTROKE	MATHES, East Germany	HICKCOX, U.S.A.	MILLS, U.S A.	America's Hickcox is spoiling for a shot at East Germany's Mathes in the 100, but Mathes, world record holder in both events, will be better rested and should prevail.
200-METER BACKSTROKE	MATHES, East Germany	HORSLEY, U.S A.	IVEY, U S A	
200-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	HICKCOX, U S A.	FERRIS, U.S.A.	BUCKINGHAM, U S A	Hickcox smashed world records in U.S trials. Holthaus may be troubled by altitude, and Russia's Dunayev, former world record-holder in 400, or Hall of U.S may beat him
400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	HICKCOX, U S.A	HOLTHAUS, West Germany	BUCKINGHAM, U S A.	
400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	U S.A.	RUSSIA	AUSTRALIA	U S A , U S A , U S A and it shouldn't be close, even at altitude. In U S trials, a 400-meter freestyle team—Zorn, Rerych, Welsh, Schollander—swam as a unit for first time and set a world record, just for kicks. Best of the rest may be East Germany in 400 medley
800-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	U S.A.	RUSSIA	AUSTRALIA	
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	U.S.A.	EAST GERMANY	RUSSIA	
SPRINGBOARD DIVE	RUSSELL, U S A	HENRY, U.S.A.	CAGNOTTO, Italy	U S. and Italy dominate but Mexico, East Germany, Russia, Poland and Japan all have divers who could upset. Wrightson of the U S and Dibiasi may surprise in springboard.
PLATFORM DIVE	DIBIASI, Italy	RUSSELL, U S A.	YOUNG, U.S.A.	
WOMEN 100-METER FREESTYLE	PEDERSEN, U.S.A	HENNE, U.S.A.	GUSTAVSON, U S A.	The U S. may not only win all four freestyle golds, it may well sweep all 12 medals. Meyer is the world's premier female swimmer at the age of 16. She set world records in three events—200, 400, 800—during U S. trials. Meyer did not qualify in 100, where Pedersen is closing in on Dawn Fraser's world mark. Hungary's Turoczy is a threat in 100 and Australia's Moras has a chance in 400.
200-METER FREESTYLE	MEYER, U S A.	HENNE, U S.A.	BARKMAN, U S A	
400-METER FREESTYLE	MEYER, U S A	GUSTAVSON, U.S.A.	KRUSE, U.S.A.	
800-METER FREESTYLE	MEYER, U S.A.	CARETTO, U.S A.	KRUSE, U S A	
100-METER BREASTSTROKE	BALL, U S.A.	PROZUMENSHCHIKOVA, U S S R	WICHMAN, U S A.	Russia's '64 gold medalist, Prozumenshchikova, is back, but Ball set world records during U S trials. Wittke of East Germany, Uruguay's Norbis or Australia's Playfair may surprise
200-METER BREASTSTROKE	BALL U.S.A.	PROZUMENSHCHIKOVA, U S S R	JAMISON, U.S.A.	
100-METER BUTTERFLY	KOK, The Netherlands	DANIEL, U.S A	SHIELDS, U.S.A	Holland's Kok, silver medalist in '64, should win her specialty, the 100, but must be wary of Daniel's fast pace and Hewitt's come-from-behind style in 200. Shields is a dark horse
200-METER BUTTERFLY	HEWITT, U.S A.	KOK, The Netherlands	DANIEL, U.S.A.	
100-METER BACKSTROKE	TANNER, Canada	HALL, U S A	CARON, France	Ouster of South Africa knocked world record-holder Muir out of Olympics. Hall could press for gold medal in 100. Possible upsetters include Swegerty, U S , and Ouprez, France, in 100, and Atwood, U.S., in 200
200-METER BACKSTROKE	WATSON, U.S A	TANNER, Canada	WATSON, Australia	

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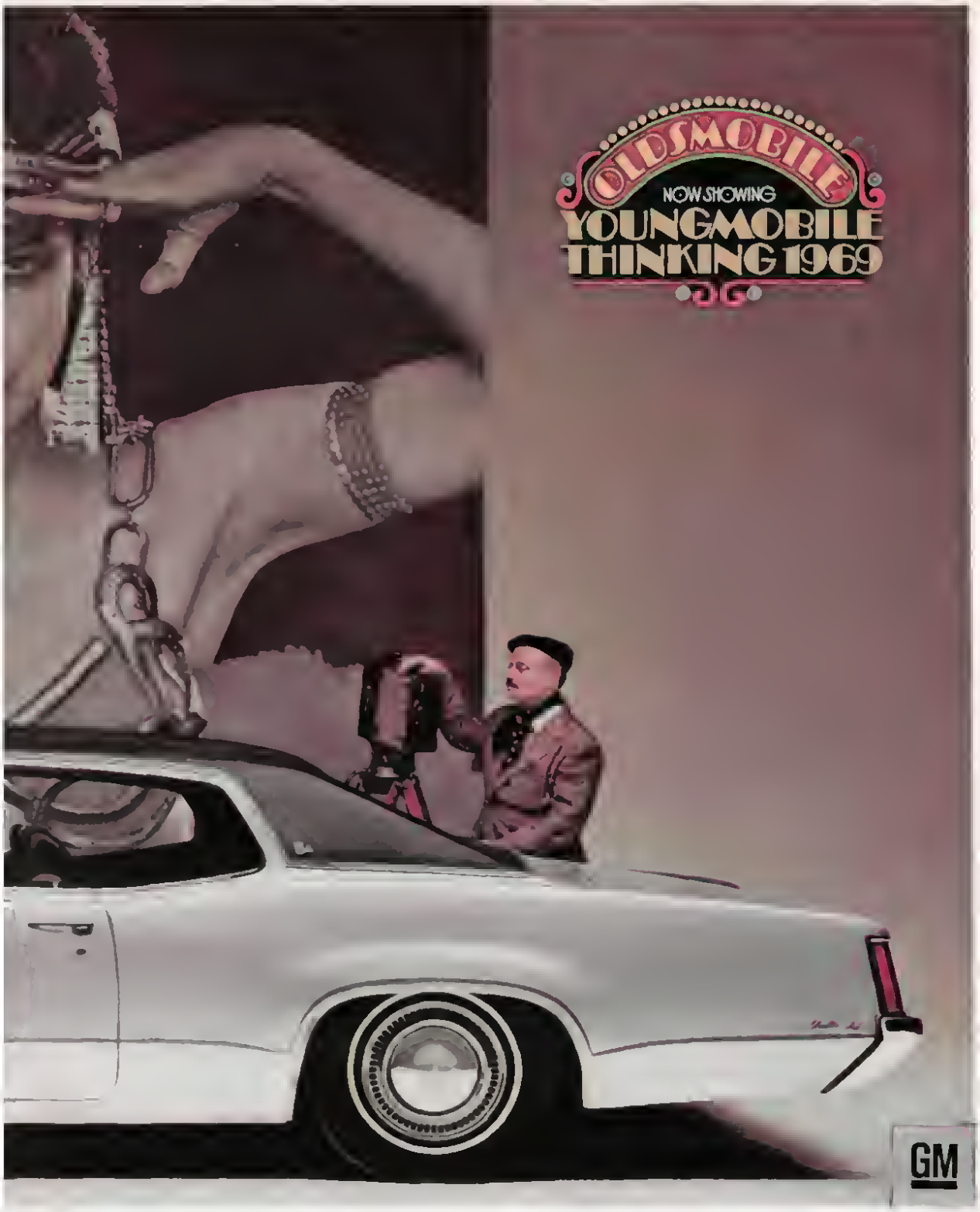


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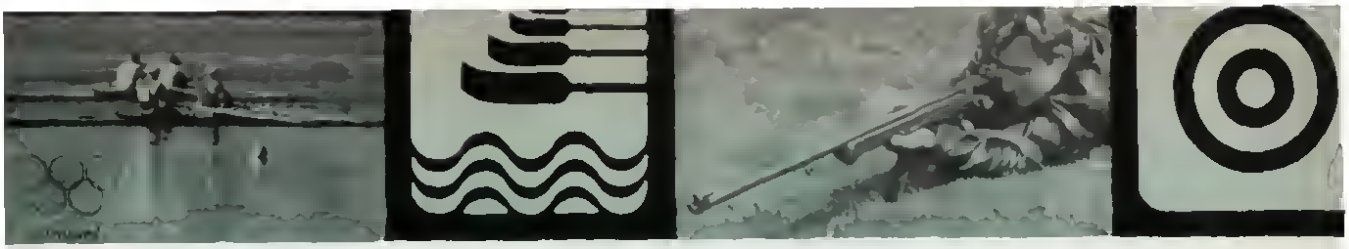


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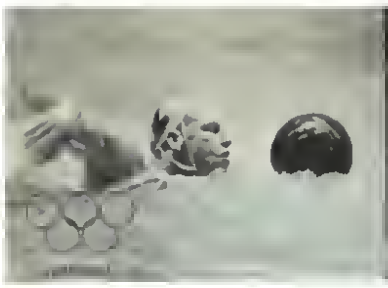
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EVENT	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
200-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	KOLB, U.S.A.	PEOERSEN, U.S.A.	HENNE, U.S.A.	Kolb, who set two world records in U.S. trials, expects to be almost six seconds slower at Mexico City's altitude. East Germany's Steinbach may break up U.S. sweeps.
400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	KOLB, U.S.A.	PEOERSEN, U.S.A.	VIDALI, U.S.A.	
400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	U.S.A.	CANADA	AUSTRALIA	Whoever swims on its relay teams the U.S. is so deep and talented that it is odds-on to capture two golds. East Germany may force its way into medal bracket in both events.
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	U.S.A.	CANADA	GREAT BRITAIN	
SPRINGBOARD DIVE	O'SULLIVAN, U.S.A.	KING, U.S.A.	POGDZHEVA, U.S.S.R.	Diving is so wide-open that U.S. has six possible gold medalists and Russia three. East Germany's veteran Krämer-Gulbin and Duchkova of Czechoslovakia also are strong.
PLATFORM DIVE	PETERSON, U.S.A.	ALEKSEYEVA, U.S.S.R.	BUSH, U.S.A.	
BASKETBALL	U.S.S.R.	U.S.A.	YUGOSLAVIA	For the first time ever the U.S. is not favored to win the gold—and may have trouble taking the silver. Russia is big and a lot more knowledgeable than in 1964. Yugoslavia, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Brazil also have best-ever teams.
BOXING *(11 events)*	U.S.S.R. 2 gold, 3 silver, 1 bronze	POLAND 2 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	ITALY 2 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	Russian boxers do not turn professional. With their veterans, their aggressive style and their large number of southpaws, they should dominate again. Four Americans led by Heavyweight Foreman, have outside chance for medals as do Africans and Latin Americans.
CANOEING *(7 events)*	U.S.S.R. 4 gold, 2 silver	WEST GERMANY 1 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	RUMANIA 1 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	Michigan's Marcia Smoke may pick up medals in both the women's kayak singles and pairs but U.S. chances elsewhere are slim. Russia is a threat in almost every competition.
CYCLING *(7 events)*	ITALY 3 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	U.S.S.R. 1 gold, 2 silver	WEST GERMANY 1 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	The U.S. has not won a cycling event since 1896 but speedster Jack Simes of Closter, N.J. has an outside chance in 1,000-m. time trial. Europeans will dominate as always, but Colombia's Cochise and Trinidad's Gibbon, the sprint cycling king of the Western Hemisphere, could surprise.
EQUESTRIAN *(6 events)*	GREAT BRITAIN 1 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	WEST GERMANY 2 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	U.S.A. 1 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	U.S. team is tops in jumping, woefully weak in dressage. Russia or Italy could break into top triumvirate, and Australia, France and Brazil also have good chances for medals.
FENCING *(8 events)*	U.S.S.R. 6 gold, 2 silver	HUNGARY 1 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	POLAND 1 silver, 1 bronze	For the first time in history one country—Russia—could win all the gold. The Russians won six of eight events at the world championships last year and they are even stronger now. As for the U.S., even a bronze medal in any event would be the next thing to a miracle.
FIELD HOCKEY	INDIA	PAKISTAN	AUSTRALIA	Since 1928 India has only lost once—in 1960 to Pakistan—and the team is confident it can win again. One upset possibility: Kenya, which may profit from the Nairobi-like altitude.

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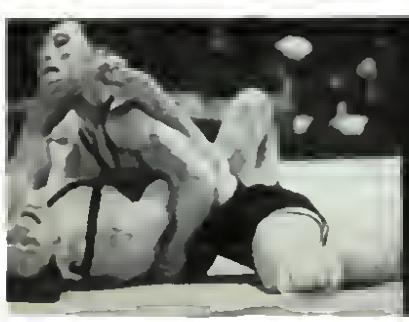








EVENT	FAVORITE	SECOND	THIRD	ANALYSIS
GYMNASTICS *(14 events)*	U S S R 5 gold, 5 silver, 3 bronze	JAPAN 4 gold, 3 silver, 1 bronze	CZECHOSLOVAKIA 2 gold, 3 silver, 1 bronze	U S progress has been steady, but too slow, so it is likely to be the same old story Russia, Japan and Czechoslovakia carrying off the medals, and not necessarily in that order East German men and women also will challenge
MODERN PENTATHLON	Team HUNGARY Individual Balczo (Hungary)	U S S R Shaparnis (U S S R)	EAST GERMANY Török (Hungary)	World champion Balczo should win the gold, but Major Jim Moore of Erie, Pa could be a dark-horse medalist In the team event U S or Swedish riders have a chance to slip by East Germany
ROWING *(7 events)*	EAST GERMANY 2 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	U S A 1 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze	U S S R. 1 gold 2 silver, 1 bronze	The U S has the potential to win five medals but so do East Germany, Russia The Netherlands and West Germany The U S pairs of Hough and Johnson have best chance for gold medal, followed by the coxed fours and eights
SHOOTING *(7 events)*	U S A 3 gold 2 silver, 2 bronze	U S S R 1 gold, 2 silver, 3 bronze	WEST GERMANY 1 gold, 1 silver 2 bronze	With any kind of luck, American sharpshooters, led by Anderson in free rifle and McMillan in rapid-fire pistol will be medalists in all events Russian marksmen could be, too
SOCCER	MEXICO	HUNGARY	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	Since the host country always enjoys a considerable advantage Mexico should upset defending Olympic champion Hungary and win its first soccer medal of any color in history
VOLLEYBALL	Men U S S R Women JAPAN	CZECHOSLOVAKIA U S S R.	JAPAN U S A	Spirited competition among Russia, Czechoslovakia and Japan seems certain to feature men's competition, but once weak U S women may challenge Russia and Japan, thanks to Coach Cohen's Spartan and productive training
WATER POLO	U S S R	YUGOSLAVIA	HUNGARY	Starry-eyed U S is dreaming of gold, but actually has only an outside chance against muscular teams of Russia, Yugoslavia and Hungary
WEIGHT LIFTING *(7 events)*	U S S R 3 gold, 4 silver	POLAND 2 gold, 2 bronze	JAPAN 1 gold, 2 bronze	Once again all of Russia's lifters should be medalists, but U S Coach Terpak has hopes for his team, especially Heavyweights Dube and Pickett They will have Russia's Zhabotinsky to beat, but Zhabo supposedly gets dizzy at altitude
WRESTLING *(16 events)*	U S S R 7 gold, 2 silver, 3 bronze	IRAN 2 gold, 3 silver 3 bronze	JAPAN 2 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze	Boycott by veteran wrestlers whose demands for "compensation" were denied, leaves usually strong Turkey weak and inexperienced, enhancing Russia's hopes for gold U S shooting for fourth, behind Iran and Japan
YACHTING *(5 events)*	U S A 2 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze	DENMARK 2 gold	GREAT BRITAIN 1 gold, 1 silver	The U S team looks best overall, and should take the gold in 5 5 and Dragon competition Denmark will be favored in Finn and Star, and England in the Flying Dutchman









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PEOPLE

Gypsy Rose Lee left burlesque "because I found something better to do, and almost anything is." She is now touring the nation promoting dog food. The product is called Voila Gourmet Dog Food, and it features such doggy delicacies as beef burgundy and Irish stew. Miss Lee is well qualified for the job. She has nine dogs ("three of them pregnant"), two peacocks named David and Lisa, 30 fantails, 30 canaries, "several lovely finches," three tanks of goldfish and a whydah. They all live with Gypsy in her 27-room "early Gloria Swanson" house. The nine dogs, naturally, are Mexican hairless. "What kind of dogs would you expect me to have?" Miss Lee asks.

Jimmy Hahn, senior middle guard on Tennessee's football team, did not play against Georgia last week. The reason was a rather odd one. "I had to have a grade from a correspondence course to be eligible," Hahn mourns. "The grade should have been a matter of record days ago, but the professor who was to have scored the test apparently was out of town. I wrote and wired and called about the test, explaining how important it was. Nothing happened." Hahn said he could have understood the delay if he had been a star player—like maybe the Tennessee quarterback. He took the correspondence course from the University of Georgia.

Jackie Robinson, the former Dodger, returned to Brooklyn from his Connecticut estate to hold a press conference at the Black Pearl garage. There he told reporters that the Black Panthers are a misunderstood organization whose image has been unfairly tarnished. "Improper reporting," Robinson declared, "has determined that the Black Panthers are a militant group, while the fact of the matter is they are seeking peace."



✦ It has been 27 years since Joe Louis' right hand deposited **Lou Nova** in slumberland, but the colorful Nova is still dreaming. In fact, he is running for President, on the "Utopian Party" ticket, and his "revolutionary . . . plan for a better life" is every bit as unorthodox as was his training-camp reliance on Yoga, under the tutelage of an early guru known as Oom the Omnipotent. Part of Nova's platform calls for a male and female wartime army of professional volunteers and foreign mercenaries, which would hopefully handle opposing armies better than Nova's "cosmic stance" did the Brown Bomber's combinations. Also on Nova's platform: a woman vice-president; mammoth monorail networks; a national lottery; and legalized dog racing in all 50 states. "To create jobs and abolish unemployment," said the prophet of Oom but not gloom.

According to usually unreliable sources, the Disney Studio has a new relative of **Donald Duck** on the drawing boards. The character will be a salty sailing-boat skipper, and his name is, of course, Moby Duck.

Fishing for perch in a lonely spot on Lake Geneva, a Swiss angler noticed distress signals from a 45-foot cabin cruiser. Chugging up to the cruiser in his small boat, the perch fisherman found a craft adapted from *Arabian Nights*. Hanging over the gunwales was a small mob of grim-looking, white-robed Arab guards. In the middle of the deck, embedded in plush cushions, sat brooding **Sheikh Ahmed,** Emir of Qatar. The Emir is a Croesus-rich oil sheik who maintains a 20-room summer pad on the shores of Lake Geneva, as well as a sort of embassy in town whose main function is shopping around Europe for such items as rare dogs and Arabic-speaking jukeboxes. For an oil magnate, the Emir had a rather embarrassing problem: his cruiser had run out of gas.

John C. Pittenger, freshman squash coach at Franklin and Marshall, is running for the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and he has potent help. It seems that "Students for Pittenger" are sponsoring two showings of the film *Knute Rockne All American*, the proceeds to go to Pittenger's war chest. One of their advertisements shows **Ronald Reagan** as George Gipp under the slogan "Let's Win One for Pittenger." Coach Pittenger, who was a Robert Kennedy supporter, might normally expect little aid from that promotion. But the students have hit upon a fiendish scheme. They expect residents of conservative Lancaster, Pa. to flock to see Reagan, depositing their cash in Pittenger's treasury on their way in. The Gipper may win one for Pitt.

It isn't likely that Congress will finance a rat-control bill this year, but Senators Manager **Jim Lemon** is doing his bit to help the situation. At D.C. Stadium recently a huge rat ran across the field and headed for the Washington dugout, scattering everyone but Lemon, who grabbed a bat and smashed the rat. With his team in 10th place, the unexpected visitor was a painful reminder to Lemon of how unappealing cellar dwelling can be.

At a screening of the movie version of **George Plimpton**'s *Paper Lion*. Actor **Alan Alda** recalled that he was inadvertently stomped on in a scrimmage by a passel of ponderous football players. "For the first time," Alda said, "I know what athlete's foot is really like."

The hobbies of Hollywood stars certainly reflect their screen personalities and the types of roles they play. There's tough guy **Steve McQueen** zipping around town on his motorcycle; playboy **James Garner** is a regular at the big Grand Prix automobile races; and rugged, two-fisted **John Wayne** is a . . . chicken flicker? Sorry, Wayne fans, the Duke does raise prize poultry at his Arizona ranch. But all is not lost. He also raises prize Hereford cattle, and word is just out that one of his yearlings, "26 Mischief B-98" is his name, was judged champion bull at the New Mexico State Fair. Just don't yell "chicken" at him, or "bull" either.


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A NEW FRAGRANCE FROM THE MEN AT OLD SPICE. BURLEY: COLOGNE, AFTER SHAVE AND GIFT SETS.

Jingle Joints should be judged by his cover

Ron Sellers, Florida State's fine pass catcher, looks too thin and scatter-limbed, but opponents reveal his true value by triple-teaming him. As Maryland found out, even that is often not enough **by PAT PUTNAM**

Everybody knew Florida State would come out throwing. After all, Bill Peterson, the FSU coach, is a devout church member back in Tallahassee and a devoted husband and father, but doesn't he, his critics suggest irreverently, rank the pass just a tad ahead of God and family? And doesn't he have Ron Sellers, the long, lean All-America flanker who has caught more passes in two seasons than the Gabor sisters have in a couple of lifetimes? Shoot, Goering didn't send the Luftwaffe out to fight in the trenches. It came, then, as somewhat of a shock last Saturday at College Park to find Maryland, truly an underdog, leading 7–3 and time marching smartly along in the second quarter, and Sellers with only one catch because the only other two balls thrown to him were still in the air and threatening to come down on the other side of the Potomac River. "Enough of this silly nonsense," ordered Peterson, instantly discarding his plan to sneak up on Maryland with a running game. "Let us start throwing the ball to that skinny fellow out there."

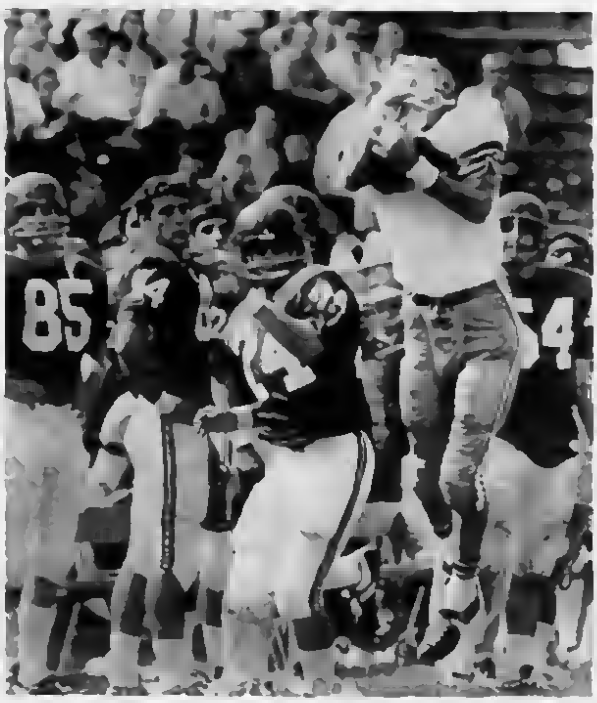
On the other side, the Terps had figured they were ready. Earlier in the week Mike Brant, a senior defensive back, had said he had been thinking about playing Sellers all summer. "If we stop him," said Brant, "we can stop anybody. I've seen him play a couple of times and I've never seen anybody better." At the same time, Bob Ward, the Maryland coach, was saying that he didn't think his troops would triple-team the Florida State star. That, of course, was just so much pregame smoke.

What Maryland did was put everybody but Spiro T. Agnew on Sellers. They played him long and short, inside and outside, and they started each play by belting him high and low, up and down at the line of scrimmage, to the legal limits of football violence. "Everytime I looked up I had at least three guys on me," Sellers said afterward.

As it turned out, all that coverage of Sellers was Maryland's undoing because the Seminoles have many talented receivers and now they could run untended, and anyway, as Bob Ward said, you can put three defenders on Sellers and he's still going to catch the ball. Midway through the second quarter, after Peterson had elected to stop trying to sneak up on Maryland, Sellers swept deep into the end zone, taking most of the defense with him. John Pittman slipped into the vacuum to catch a six-yard touchdown pass from Gary Pajcic. Then, a few minutes later, Sellers untangled his 6' 4", 189-pound frame from the two-handed pushes of Linebacker

continued





TAKING A 48 YARD PASS FROM GARY PAJCIC ON THE MARYLAND 35, SELLERS BEGINS TO BREAK AWAY FOR A TOUCHDOWN RUN

Steve Ciambor, caught a 47-yard pass from Pajcic, put a head fake on Defensive Back Bob Haley, who fell down, and ran 35 yards more for a 17–7 lead. "We were in it until then," said Ward, "but after that we were in shock."

In all, as Florida State won 24–14, Sellers caught five passes for 173 yards, was interfered with on a sixth, which won the Seminoles another 29 yards, and watched those other two balls thrown him sail high over his head.

"Somebody was asking me what makes you such a great receiver," Billy Cox, FSU's split end, was saying to Sellers the day before the Maryland game. "I told them it's because you're so much thinner than everybody else they play you careful."

Sellers laughed. "It will take me two years to figure out what that means."

"Well, maybe I should have said it's because everybody is scared you'll get behind them, and they play you scared. They stay way behind you, giving you all that room to catch the ball," said Cox.

"I don't know," said Sellers. "I think I just lull people to sleep with my long stride. They don't think I'm going as fast as I am, then pffft."

People see Sellers for the first time, standing around or warming up, and invariably they are confused. How could this guy be so good? For sure, with his long, skinny bowed legs and thin frame, he's the most unlikely looking player on the field. Sellers can run 50 yards in 5.5 seconds, but always he looks as though at any moment his arms and legs will go flying off in entirely different directions. A Houston defensive back nicknamed him "Jingle Joints."

Last season Fred Pancoast, an assistant at the University of Florida, watched Jim Seymour, the Notre Dame star, and he came back with glowing reports. "Speed?" asked Norm Carlson, the Florida sports information director.

"Great speed; just great," said Pancoast. "He's almost as fast as Sellers."

"Oh," said Carlson. "His hands?"

"Fantastic hands," said Pancoast. "In fact, his hands are almost as good as Sellers'."

Carlson frowned. "Yeah, well, how about his moves?"

"He's got moves better than any flanker I've ever seen," said Pancoast. "Except, of course, for Sellers."

Carlson shook his head. "Are you trying to tell me Sellers is the greatest flanker you've ever seen?"

"Are you kidding?" said Pancoast. "What would ever make you think anything different?"

Not too much later Sellers caught seven passes for 153 yards and one touchdown, and FSU beat Florida 21–16.

"Funny," Sellers says, "but if I hadn't been so thin I probably would have gone to college on a basketball scholarship. But people kept telling me I was too light to play football; that I'd get killed. It made me mad and I decided I'd show everybody. And so when FSU offered me a football scholarship, I took it."

And then, but for the grace of modern Xerography, FSU would have lost Sellers before his first day in school. Florida State had recruited nine boys from Sellers' hometown of Jacksonville, but when the grants-in-aid were mailed to recruiter John Griner for signatures there were only eight. There was none for Sellers.

Griner got on the telephone with Peterson. "Hey, you forgot to send one for Sellers."

"We didn't forget," said Peterson. "That's all we have. Tell the boy we're sorry."

"I can't do that," said Griner. "I promised him. I gave my word."

Peterson sighed. "O.K. Tell you what. Go find one of those Xerox machines and have a copy made of one of those other grants. Tell him he can sign an original when he gets here."

Sellers enjoys telling the story. "And you know," he says, "they never did let me sign an original? I don't even think I belong in school."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (1-0)
2. NOTRE DAME (1-0)
3. NEBRASKA (2-0)

College football's first big week of 1968 was one of its wildest offensive displays in years. Not only did major college teams roll to totals like 48–3, 55–7 and 63–7 over significant—or what was thought to have been significant—competition, but there were some stimulating ties, such as 35–35 and 20–20. It was, from coast to coast, a much better day for those who like to run with a football than for those who like to knock them down.

The most noteworthy case in point was that of Notre Dame. The 81° heat in the South Bend stadium was almost as oppressive as the clamor that greets visiting teams, but Coach Ara Parseghian was more concerned about his defense than the heat. Ever since last spring he has been proclaiming its youth and inexperience, and it seemed that maybe he was right when Oklahoma jumped into a 14–7 lead in the first quarter. Then, on the first play of the second quarter, the Sooners recovered a Notre Dame fumble on the Irish 20-yard line. "I thought we were in for it," said Parseghian later, "but when we got the ball back we took charge. That was the turning point."

What really turned the game around, however, was the fact that the Irish defense proved to be much better than Parseghian expected. For the next 30 minutes it held well-regarded Oklahoma to a single first down. Meanwhile, Notre Dame finally got around to establishing the ball-control game that Ara had planned. With 240-pound Tackle George Kunz leading the offensive charge against the smaller Oklahoma linemen, Fullback Jeff Zimmerman and Halfback Bob Gladieux took turns chewing up huge yardage. Quarterback Terry Hanratty, who completed 18 of 27 passes for 202 yards, repeatedly found his favorite target, Jim Seymour, and he passed to him for two touchdowns. Then Gladieux boomed over for his second and third scores. When it was all over, Notre Dame had piled up 35 first downs, 571 yards rushing and passing, had a 45–21 win over a good team and had alerted future foes to the Irish muscle.

But Notre Dame cannot afford the luxury of getting behind again next Saturday when Purdue comes to South Bend. The Boilermakers were not exactly overwhelming in the first half against Virginia, but a tough defense, led by Middle Guard Chuck Kyle, saved them from being acutely embarrassed. Once Quarterback Mike Phipps found the range with his passes, beating the Cavaliers 44–6 was easy, even with Leroy Keyes playing part-time because of a minor back injury. Keyes scored only once and passed for another touchdown, but he will be ready for Notre Dame. "I'd pay to see that game," he said.

The grass was up to the ankles and the rain was blowing down from the tops of the smoke stacks and grain elevators and into Minnesota's Memorial Stadium where the Gophers have in years past thwarted the likes of Red Grange and Tom Harmon. A very

good place for defending national champion USC and O.J. Simpson to be opening the season, correct? And how; Simpson fumbled on his first carry, setting up a Gopher touchdown, and big, tough Minnesota took a 10–0 lead into the second quarter, as USC Coach John McKay said to himself, "Here's where we see how the heart beats." It slowly beat just fine, although it stopped one more time in the fourth quarter when Minnesota dredged up an old sandlot trick—an across-the-field lateral—for an 83-yard touchdown play to go ahead, 20–16. Between, and after, all of this, O.J. got stronger and faster, as he always does. He had his best day ever. If he had produced anything less, USC would probably not have escaped with its hard-earned 29–20 victory.

If Simpson was up to his old form, so was madcap Indiana. It seemed the Hoosiers were about to run out of luck when Baylor's Terry Cozbo kicked a 30-yard field goal with 1:30 to play to put the Bears ahead 36–34. But Quarterback Harry Gonso, who had already thrown two touchdown passes to Jade Butcher and was to complete 13 of 14, took Indiana 80 yards and scored on a three-yard run with 18 seconds to go to win for the Hoosiers 40–36.

The biggest Big Ten surprise occurred in Iowa City where Iowa, showing off some able sophomores, upset Oregon State 21–20. Sophomore Tailback Dennis Green's nine-yard run and Marcos Melendez's third straight extra-point kick in the last quarter did it for the reviving Hawkeyes. The Beavers were hurt by the loss of Quarterback Steve Preece, the manipulator of OSU's beautifully timed multiple offense, when he dislocated a shoulder in the third quarter. "I'm not going to alibi," said OSU Coach Dee Andros. "No man in America makes an entire football team" (a point that O.J. Simpson could contest).

There were no surprises, though, in Champaign and Ann Arbor. Kansas, looking even stronger than its boosters thought possible, overwhelmed Illinois 47–7 while California, which has come through its racial problems of last spring with the highest possible morale, is no longer a Pacific Eight patsy. Cal, with Tailback Gary Fowler scoring three times, took the Wolverines 21–7 in a 2:40 game that seemed for Michigan fans to be as long as a Hubert Humphrey speech—the new rule that stops the clock after a first down helped add 20 minutes to normal playing time. Michigan State survived against Syracuse 14–10, but neither enhanced its reputation. With the Orange leading 10–7 in the last quarter, MSU Quarterback Bill Feraco went back to pass, slipped, recovered and decided he had better run. The Syracuse linemen, caught in a pass rush, could not get to him as he went eight yards for the winning touchdown.

What Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney likes is to have two quarterbacks of almost equal ability. Who doesn't, but Devaney apparently has them this year. Senior Ernie Sigler, who beat out tall Frank Patrick, last season's sophomore starter, got the Huskers off to a 17–0 lead against Utah and then Patrick came in to finish off the Utes 31–0. Sigler completed eight of 12 passes for 165 yards, while Patrick was nine for 18 for 122 yards in a game played before 65,424, the second largest crowd in Nebraska history. The figure does not include the Nebraska team, which would have swelled the total notably: the Huskers suited up 91 players for the game.

There also was some joy for at least one Big Eight have-not. Kansas State dedicated its new $1.6 million stadium by beating Colorado State 21–0.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (1-0)
2. ARMY (1-0)
3. SYRACUSE (0-1)

The day before the Navy game, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno was worried about his offense, with reason. "Right now, we can't run two plays in a row without busting one," complained Paterno. When State took the field against the Middies the offense, led by Halfback Charlie Pittman, who rushed for 112 yards, including a 57-yard touchdown run, was adequate enough, but it would not be looked at twice with the Penn State defense on display. While Ends Lincoln Lippincott and Frank Spazlani and Tackles Mike Reid and Steve Smear took turns leading a rush on Mike McNallen, Navy's poor rookie quarterback, the defense intercepted five passes, recovered four Middie fumbles and held Navy to seven yards rushing. It also had a hand in three of the Lions' scores: a fumble recovery set up an early field goal, Roverback Pete Johnson ran back an interception 28 yards and Halfback Paul Johnson, after playing you-catch-it-buddy with teammate Dennis Onkotz on a Navy punt, returned it 52 yards. All of this added up to a 31–6 Penn State win.

Maybe the 1968 Army-Citadel game will not go down in history as the greatest ever played, but it is right now for Billy Hunter, the Cadets' sophomore halfback. The first time Hunter touched the ball he took a punt on his own 10-yard line, head-faked once or twice and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. After that, life was all downhill for the visiting Bulldogs. Army Fullback Charlie Jarvis pounded them unmercifully, Quarterback Steve Lindell and Tight End Gary Steele teamed up on some pretty pass plays and Army woo easily, 34–14.

Mid-American Conference rivals know all about Roland Moss, Toledo's 6′ 3″, 215-pound halfback. So do the pro scouts. And now Moss has made his impression on Villanova, too, by running for three touchdowns and passing for a fourth as the Rockets coasted to a 45–21 win. It was their 11th straight, the longest major-college winning streak in the nation.

For a while, Rutgers Coach John Bateman must have thought he was witnessing the game his school played against Princeton 99 years ago—college football's beginning—as his Scarlet Knights bumbled and fumbled all over Rutgers Stadium. But eventually Halfback Bryant Mitchell began ruoning, Quarterback Bruce Van Ness straightened out his passes and Rutgers trounced Lafayette in up-to-date fashion 37–7. Colgate, too, started slowly, but once the Red Raiders got the knack of running on Boston University's new AstroTurf, they rolled in a 28–0 romp on the rug.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (0-0-1)
2. HOUSTON (1-0-1)
3. TEXAS A&M (0-1)

Darrell Royal of Texas had reason to be optimistic on the eve of the Longhorns' opener against Houston. After all, everybody knew that he had one of the most potent backfields extant. What everybody supposedly did not know, however, was that Royal had also come up with a different offensive formation, one so new he hadn't had time to name it. The what's-its-name alignment moved Fullback Steve Worster midway between the halfbacks and much closer than usual to Quarterback Bill Bradley, thus setting up all kinds of spinning, bandoff plays.

So there was Royal, happily cuddling his secret at a cocktail party the night before the game, when a Houston radio announcer sidled up to him and said, "I hear you're going to have your fullback lined up pretty close to your quarterback." But the "surprise" offense still worked well enough, springing Longhorn runners for 297 yards, 159 of them by Chris Gilbert. Alas, Not-so-Super Bill Bradley completed just one of seven passes and had three intercepted. Meanwhile, Houston was giving the Texas defense fits, especially Paul Gipson, who gained 173 yards rushing and scored three times, once on a 66-yard sprint. To salvage a 20–20 tie Texas had to stop the Cougars

continued

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: O.J. Simpson of USC gained 236 yards rushing, caught six passes for 57 yards, returned kicks for 72 yards and scored four times, twice in the fourth quarter, as the Trojans battled from behind to defeat Minnesota

THE LINEMAN: Gene Huey, a split end on offense who doubles as a halfback on defense, was superb as both. He caught seven passes for 86 yards and two TDs and made four unassisted tackles for Wyoming against Utah State

twice in the fourth quarter, first on the two-yard line, then one foot from the goal.

There was no secret about the offense to be used against Oklahoma State by Frank Broyles of Arkansas. He was turning over a new pro-type attack to sophomore Quarterback Bill Montgomery and sure enough the Razorbacks came out passing, with Montgomery finding his receivers with 10 of his first 25. But the Razorbacks trailed at halftime 15–3, so back into use came a no-nonsense 1965-style I-formation running game. From there on it wasn't fancy, but David Dickey, Bill Burnett and Russell Cody ran through the Cowboys, and with help from Montgomery, who made good on five of six second-half passes, Arkansas scored four times in 18 minutes for a 32–15 win.

Jim O'Brien, who earlier had kicked a 47-yard field goal, scored on a 53-yard pass from Greg Cook to give Missouri Valley underdog Cincinnati a 10–10 tie against the Southwest Conference's Texas Tech.

Three touchdowns by Paul White helped Texas-El Paso to defeat New Mexico 44–15 in its first game as a member of the Western Athletic Conference. The first two times that New Mexico State had the ball Halfback Ron James scored on runs of 25 and 43 yards against North Texas State, but then the Eagles regrouped. Steve Ramsey, who led the nation in touchdown passes last year, came through with three of them and North Texas took the game 47–20.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (1-0)
2. FLORIDA (1-0)
3. TENNESSEE (0-0-1)

Clemson Coach Frank Howard likes nothing better than a belly laugh except, perhaps, getting off a funny line so that other folks can have a belly laugh. Well, no one was laughing after Clemson's 20–20 tie with Wake Forest, least of all Howard, who, with less than three minutes to play and his team trailing 20–19, disdained going for a two-point conversion and a possible win. Afterward Howard beat his critics to that oldest of coaches' clichés: "A tie is like kissing your sister." But he spruced it up a bit by adding: "All I can say is that I had a mighty pretty sister today."

It was clear, though, that Howard was fit to be tied. His favorite line during the off season had to do with his defense, which he called "the best I have ever had in 38 years at Clemson." Fortunately for Howard, his offense was more effective, with Scatback Buddy Gore flitting for 98 yards and Quarterback Charley Waters for 87 more. This alone might have been sufficient to produce a victory had it not been for the feats of Deacon Quarterback Freddie Summers, who hit on seven of his last 12 passes, ran for 69 yards and scored twice.

In two other ACC games, Duke and North Carolina State both scored twice in the first period, the Blue Devils hanging on for a 14–7 upset over South Carolina and the Wolfpack beating North Carolina 38–6. Sophomore Quarterback Leo Hart of the Blue Devils completed 16 of 26 passes for 214 yards and Linebacker Dick Biddle made 25 individual tackles, twice stopping the Gamecocks on fourth-and-less-than-a-yard plays inside the Duke 20. Chapel Hill, N.C. is suffering its worst drought in 14 years, and the football buffs there are no better off than the weather watchers, for the Tar Heels don't have much but spirit. This was obvious within two minutes after the opening kickoff, all the time it took the Wolfpack to score twice.

Nothing was going right for Florida—a 21-point favorite over the Air Force—in its new 46,000-seat Tampa Stadium. Coach Ray Graves did not mind that 52,626 people somehow got into the stadium, but he was upset by their noisiness, which he said confused his offensive linemen and kept his team from calling automatics. What is more, the scoreboard clock did not function, gusty winds nullified the Gator passing game and, worst of all, Curtis Martin of the Falcons ran back the opening kickoff 98 yards for a TD. Despite such frustrations, the Gators won 23–20, thanks to an Air Force fumble.

Southeastern Conference teams had mixed results against intersectional foes, with most of the triumphs being overshadowed by lackluster performances that raised the question of whether the SEC is going to be the nation's toughest conference this year. Alabama held VPI runners to minus-17 yards and surrendered just 68 on passes, but its offense was more makeshift than shifty in a 14–7 victory. The Tide's winning score came when George (Lone) Ranager caught a tipped pass and ran 65 yards. Said Alabama's Bear Bryant: "We won, but we didn't beat 'em."

Much the same could be said of Mississippi's 21–7 victory over Memphis State. The Rebels trailed 7–0 and highly touted Quarterback Archie Manning had not moved the team in the first half. Given better field position in the second half, however, Manning produced. In less than two and a half minutes of the third quarter he passed for two touchdowns, one of which he set up with a 44-yard run.

There were only three seniors on the Kentucky defensive unit that held Missouri four times inside the 20 and preserved a 12–6 win which, at least in part, was made possible by the Tigers' failure to convert field goals from the 10, 15 and 22. Auburn and Mississippi State both lost to nonconference opponents. Sophomore Chuck Hixson passed for three TDs and scored two himself as SMU dumped fumbling Auburn 37–28. Louisiana Tech, a small-college team, beat Mississippi State 20–13 as Terry Bradshaw threw a fourth-quarter 37-yard touchdown pass to Tommy Spinks.

Miami, which was supposed to have an Orange Bowlful of runners and no quarterback, found that Quarterback David Dhivo was its best weapon in a 28–7 victory over Northwestern. He completed 18 of 26 attempts—seven of them to David Kalina. For Georgia Tech the passer turned out to be Larry Good, who finished off TCU 17–7 by connecting on 18 of 25.

WEST

1. USC (1-0)
2. UCLA (1-0)
3. ARIZONA STATE (1-0)

One night last week UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro was engaged in his favorite form of escapism—chess. Football, though, was far from forgotten. "How we go depends to a great extent on how whole we can keep Bill Bolden," he told a friend. Bolden, a 6' 3", 207-pound junior who is reputed to be a better long passer than Gary Beban, remained whole for 17 minutes and 51 seconds against Pitt. That was long enough for him to throw a 53-yard touchdown pass and to pick up 32 yards in five carries. His last run was good for three yards and a touchdown, but it was a costly score. Bolden was bowled over, landed on his right shoulder and had to be led from the field. Enter one James Michael Nader, who is more noted for being the nephew of Janice Rule and Ben Gazzara than for being a UCLA quarterback. In the grand Hollywood tradition, he put on a show worthy of an Oscar, completing 13 of 24 passes, four of them for touchdowns, as the Bruins romped over Pitt 63–7.

"They ought to put up a statue for the timer and give him the game ball," complained Rice Coach Bo Hagan after Washington got off seven plays in 11 seconds to get a 35–35 tie on its new AstroTurf field, and Hagan may have had a point. Not only did Washington have to run off its plays in split seconds, it needed every one of them to reach the point where Ron Volbrecht could kick a 51-yard field goal at the gun.

Stanford scored the first four times it had the ball as Quarterback Jim Plunkett hit on 10 of 13 passes and led his team to a 68–20 win against San Jose State. This was to be a down year for Colorado, which has lost some of its offensive punch, but attacking by land (208 yards) and air (14 of 22 for 122 yards), the Buffaloes kept Oregon off balance and won 28–7.

Wyoming, scoring in dramatic bursts, beat Utah State 48–3. At one point the Cowboys broke loose for three touchdowns within 34 seconds and later got two within nine seconds. "They have the greatest array of running backs in America," said Wisconsin's John Coatta after a 55–7 loss to Arizona State. The backs—who gained 364 yards—included Larry Walton, who scored three times, and J. D. Hill. END



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At the PGA Team Championship in Oklahoma City the two kings got all the chuckles but Bobby Nichols and George Archer won the money

The Palmer-Nicklaus laugh-in

The national doubles championship of golf, held at Oklahoma City last week under the name of—pick one—the PGA Team Championship, the APG Classic, the Who Invitational, all of the above, was chock full of scenes which are perfectly familiar on Saturday afternoons at your local club and yet entirely foreign to the normal procedure of the weekly professional tour.

All those famous players, those $100,000 guys, were out there—and they were picking up after they had driven into the rough. Or they were ramming little putts way past the hole in disgust at missing longer putts. Or they were abandoning all caution and swinging like wild men on practically every shot. They were talking over club selection, discussing how to hit out of bad lies, looking over putts together and—get this—helping each other. Big-money pro golfers were actually helping each other.

But these things have always been a part of successful team play and were not really as much of a surprise as they seemed at first glance. The tournament disproved what any reasonable man thought to be a solid, unassailable theory that any time you get a bunch of golf teams together for a best-ball, the team of guys named Palmer and Nicklaus are going to win in a breeze. Right?

Wrong. George Archer and Bobby Nichols won, and they had to break out of a closely bunched pack of some of the most anonymous teams in America on Sunday afternoon at Quail Creek Country Club to shoot a 65 and take the championship by two shots.

The Archer-Nichols victory climaxed a week of spectacular play in the wind (gusts reached 35 mph at times and averaged around 20 mph through the tournament) in what has become, for players and spectators alike, one of the most entertaining tournaments on the schedule. Until two weeks ago, however, no one was sure if Palmer and Nicklaus would play together at the four-ball. In May the tournament committee had voted that, due to changes in "format and site" the tournament was not the same as before, so that Palmer and Nicklaus would not have to defend. The organization feud had strained relations between the two men. It was rumored that Jack wanted to play with Tom Weiskopf instead of Palmer and that Arnie would play with Dave Marr. Then—whether through intermediaries or as a show of strength and unity or what—the two kings finally managed to get together for their title defense.

Although they started well with a 64 the first day, Palmer and Nicklaus fell back on the second round and were never really in contention. Nonetheless, they provided onlookers with some of the best moments of the tournament, especially in their press conference after their 72 the second day.

"We were miserable, both of us," said Arnie. "We must have covered enough territory to build another 36 holes" (big laugh from press).

"Apiece," said Jack (smaller laugh).

"On 16 [a par-3] we were both in the sand," said Palmer.

Silence.

"But I was better. I was in there in two, Arn," said Nicklaus.

"Yeah, you had it practically teed up in there," said Palmer.

"I wasn't worried. I knew my partner would get it down in four," said Nicklaus.

"Now you boys know why we call this Quail Creek," said one home-town reporter.

"We didn't see any quail, but we sure saw a lot of creek," said Nicklaus.

"Where we were, we could have hunted quail," said Palmer.

"On 17 I was in the rough and Jack was in the ditch," said Palmer. "I hit my third in the trap, my fourth lipped the cup and I made five. And Jack [who had picked up] was rooting for me all the way" (biggest laugh).

Pairing Palmer with Nicklaus is obviously a natural—super on super. But other teams are joined by different methods, and the makeup of the various pairings has always been one of the most interesting aspects of the team championship. This year was certainly no exception.

Normally, players get together out of close friendship and compatibility. Others combine for business purposes or because their games meld and complement each other. The players enjoy this type of tournament because it is a welcome break from their weekly grind of individual play, an event where the pressure is lessened because it is shared with a partner and one where they

continued

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can relax and have fun on the course.

At Quail Creek there were the Texans, Don January and Miller Barber; the Oklahomans, Labron Harris and Bob Dickson; the old, Sam Snead and Gardner Dickinson; the new, Bob Murphy and Bob Smith; and the old and the new, Roberto DeVicenzo, 45, of Argentina, and Bobby Cole, 20, of South Africa. There were also Gay Brewer and Billy Casper, two fine putters who had played together in the Ryder Cup matches last October; good buddies, Nichols and Archer; Lee Trevino and Homero Blancas, the Alamo entry; and a bunch of brothers: the Heberts and the Cupits, the Jacobses, the Lotzes and the Hills.

The last fraternal team—Dave and Mike Hill, two slender, dark-haired pros from Jackson, Mich.—dominated the tournament through the first two rounds. On Thursday they shot a brilliant 62 at the Twin Hills course, evoking the normal run of awful jokes—you know, twin Hills at Twin Hills—and followed that up with a 65 at Quail Creek.

The knack of four-ball is to play well while your partner is faltering and vice-versa. Up to that point the Hills had, as the pros say, been "ham 'n' eggin' it" marvelously. Dave, the better known of the two, had six birds and an eagle in the first round, while Mike, a 29-year-old rookie who has had two second-place finishes on the tour this summer, holed five birdies on the second day. On Saturday, however, the two staggered, and four teams passed them, teams made up of names right out of a phone book. Dale Douglass and rookie Hale Irwin, two former University of Colorado heroes and winners of the National Pro-Am tournament last year, stood tied at 17 under par with Rives McBee and Monty Kaser, roommates on the tour who, though vast strangers to most golf followers, own between them one national public links title (Kaser) and the U.S. Open 18-hole scoring record (a 64 by McBee in 1966).

But on Sunday, before the inevitable shouts of "Hale Who?" and "Rives What?" could get up a good head of steam, the two mystery teams were gone, caught up along with everybody else in the furious rush of Archer and Nichols. Afterward neither winner was as funny as Palmer or Nicklaus, but with $20,000 each in their pockets they really didn't have to be. **END**

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HARNESS RACING / *Pat Ryan*

One-half of a Jug horse beats one airplane

So it appears to Pilot Louis Mancuso, who made the swap that turned him into an owner of a classic colt, and to Billy Haughton, who drove Rum Customer and became a million-dollar winner for the third time in his career

When the Federal Depository Banking Company on North Sandusky Street in Delaware, Ohio closed some years ago, a saloon took over the Parthenon-like building and hung a neon jug out in front of the columns. No one in this staunchly Methodist town seemed to mind, probably because in Delaware The Little Brown Jug—the horse race—is an annual highlight of the county fair and a sporting event that receives national attention. Each year $1 million worth of horses come to Delaware for the week's Grand Circuit racing, and on Jug Day the big-city drivers, with flashy diamond rings, fly into the local airport in chartered planes. They are there because of the traditions of harness racing, sentiment for its country heritage and the $100,000 purse that goes with that old Brown Jug these days.

Last week's classic drew 17 3-year-old pacers from as far away as Quebec, and the field was split into two divisions, the first four finishers in each division returning to race off for the top prize. Colts trained by Billy Haughton—Rum Customer and Bye and Large—were favored. Haughton chose to drive Rum Customer, leaving his stablemate to George Sholty, but there is little difference between the two pacers. Early in his 2-year-old season Rum Customer appeared the better but then he lost his form, and Owner Lloyd Lloyds, a manufacturer of women's coats for J. C. Penney and Sears, Roebuck, decided to sell half of him. Actually, Lloyds swapped 50% of the 2-year-old for a 2-year-old airplane, a twin-engine Skymaster, that was worth about $40,000. Louis Manceuso, Haughton's pilot for many years, was looking for a racehorse, and Lloyds, at the time, was looking for an airplane. So the deal was struck. Horsepower for horsepower, Lloyds appeared to have the better of the bargain, but by Jug time one had to wonder. In five months Rum Customer had won 10 races and $121,997, been in the money in 17 of his 18 starts and raced faster than any pacer this year, going the mile in 1:56 at Indianapolis. However, the colt caught a virus ten days before the Jug and had only one testing workout in preparation.

Bye and Large had been sick with the same virus but recovered to win the Jug Trial handily on the Thursday before shipping to Delaware. Bye and Large has the high, unnatural gait of a drum major, but he can wheel deftly around half-mile tracks like the one at the Jug, and he came close to a world record on such a track last July.

Challenging the favorites was Meadow Brick, a colt who supposedly suffered a heart attack last February in Florida and later in the spring was reported to have died. But he was back on the racetrack in August, and the story then was that he had had a transplant. "The scar has healed up real good," the boys around Delvin Miller's barn say as they curry the colt's chest. Meadow Brick did indeed have heart trouble but not enough to call in Dr. Christiaan Barnard. After a seizure in Florida the colt spent six weeks in the University of Pennsylvania equine hospital. Cardiograms were taken, and when he recovered he was sent to the farm to rest. Uneasy insurance men with stethoscopes hovered around until Miller canceled the life insurance policy on the colt and began treating him like an animal again. Meadow Brick was hardly seasoned enough to defeat Haughton's entry at Delaware but he had finished stoutly in the Jug Trial and figured to improve.

Then there was Nevele Romeo, a $55,000 yearling and half brother to pacing



LOOKING BACK AT RUM & RIVALS, HAUGHTON BREEZES HOME IN THE OPENING HEAT

champions of 1966 and 1967, Romeo Hanover and Romulus Hanover. The colt never was as good as his brothers, and he had been slowed as well by injuries. Stanley Dancer, his driver, said Nevele didn't belong in the Jug. He explained that the colt had been sold a few days before to the man who supplies feed to the barns at Monticello Raceway, and the new owner wanted him to start.

There were other proud owners who wanted to show off their colts in the Jug, though they might have been winning more with them that week in races at the Ashland or Dover fairs. Six Ohio-breds were in the race. The best, Batman (he has a stablemate named Green Hornet), is bad-legged, but he had raced well in good company when the track was soft and wet. "You can write your story ahead of time," Delvin Miller told a reporter, "if it starts to rain."

It rained all right, but a day too soon for Batman. A downpour started on Wednesday after the first two races, and the rest of the card was called off. As the cars wound out of the fairgrounds, an elderly man stood in the rain at the gate saluting each group as it left and saying, "Thank you for coming."

On Thursday—Jug Day—47,500 people crowded the fairgrounds. Through the morning the clay track dried, and by the fourth race harrows were kicking up dust. Two races later, in the Old Oaken Bucket, a world record was set by a 3-year-old trotter.

Watching Bye and Large go to the post in the first division of the Brown Jug, Billy Haughton was confident. The track was in good condition, and although his colt had a poor starting spot—in the second tier—there was little competition in this division. Nevele Romeo was the second choice at 7 to 1.

At the start, however, for no apparent reason, Bye and Large went off stride. A quick Ohio-bred named Adios Waverly shot to the front. When Sholty got Bye and Large back on stride, it was too late. He finished a dismal last, beaten more than 15 lengths. No one caught Adios Waverly, who won by 2¼ lengths and paid $25.20. An 11-to-1 shot finished second and a 60-to-1 shot driven by the young French Canadian, Herve Filion, was third. Filion is the leading U.S. driver this year with 244 victories and he hopes to break the one-season record of 312. "I had not driven here before," Filion said after the first Jug dash. "My horse is not much. I came here to parade with the others—for the privilege—and I got a third I did not expect."

With Bye and Large eliminated, Haughton was careful as he reined Rum Customer onto the track for the second division. Like Bye and Large, the colt had a bad post position, No. 7. And as things turned out, Haughton was unable to get his horse to the rail until the race was three-quarters over. In the first quarter the colt nearly put a foot through Miller's sulky wheel when Meadow Brick broke and veered to the outside. Down the back side and around the turn, Haughton was parked three wide as two long shots burned themselves out going the half mile in 59⅓ seconds. Rum Customer seemed to lack his usual burst of brilliant speed, but as the leaders dropped back approaching the three-quarters, he surged to the front. He won comfortably by more than three lengths. Isolator Hanover, an 84-to-1 shot, was second, and Batman was fourth.

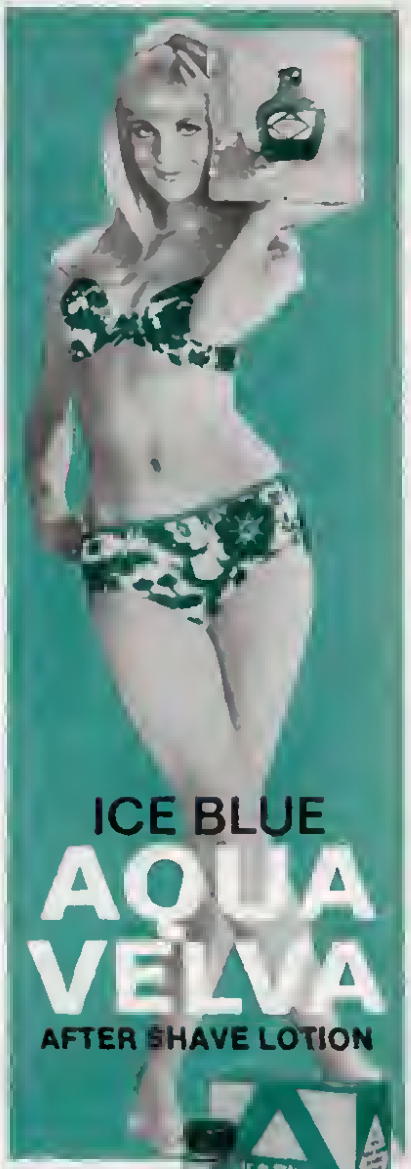
"My colt is not sharp, not keen today," Haughton said, returning to the paddock. "He was gutty to have won that."

In the raceoff the crowd was more confident than Haughton about Rum Customer. As the pacers warmed up, the tote board showed Haughton's colt was 1 to 9, Adios Waverly 6 to 1 and everything else in the field 20 to 1 or better. (Odds at Delaware roller-coaster like soybean futures. A horse early in the week paid a record $188 for show only one $2 ticket was sold on him.)

At the start Adios Waverly burst into the lead, Driver Wendell Kirk again hoping to steal away, but Batman went with him and they sped to the half in 58⅘. Rum Customer was tucked along the rail fourth. After Batman had softened up Adios Waverly, Rum Customer went to him, and on the final turn Haughton's colt pulled away. He won by three lengths, in 1:59⅗. Adios Waverly plodded in a weary seventh.

The Brown Jug purse put Haughton over the million-dollar mark in earnings this season, and late into Thursday night he was celebrating, suitably, with a jug. But Owner Mancuso had hardly a taste of success. He left immediately after the race to fly George Sholty to Yonkers Raceway for the evening's card there. Perhaps he was looking to swap his new Cessna for a piece of another horse. END

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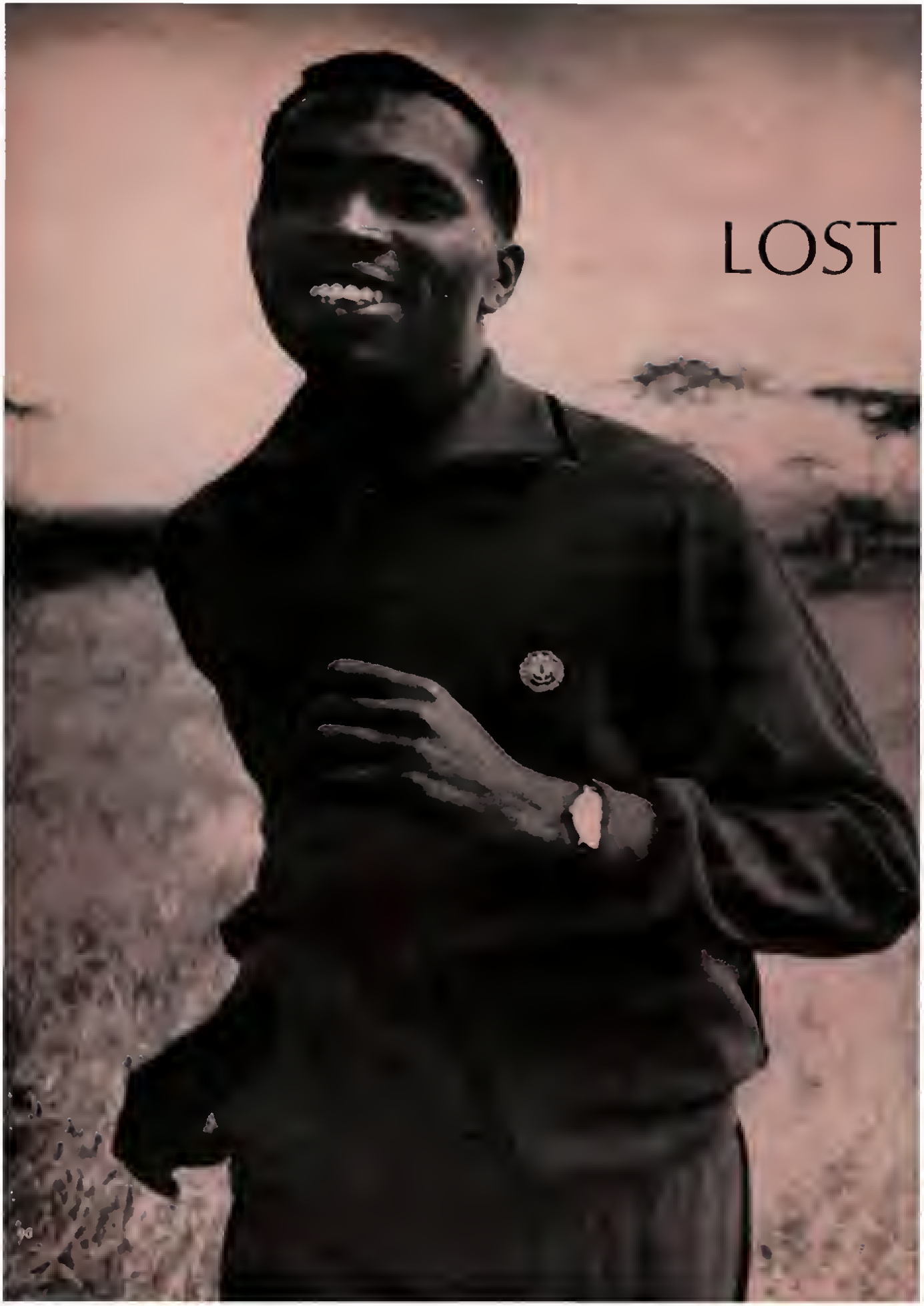
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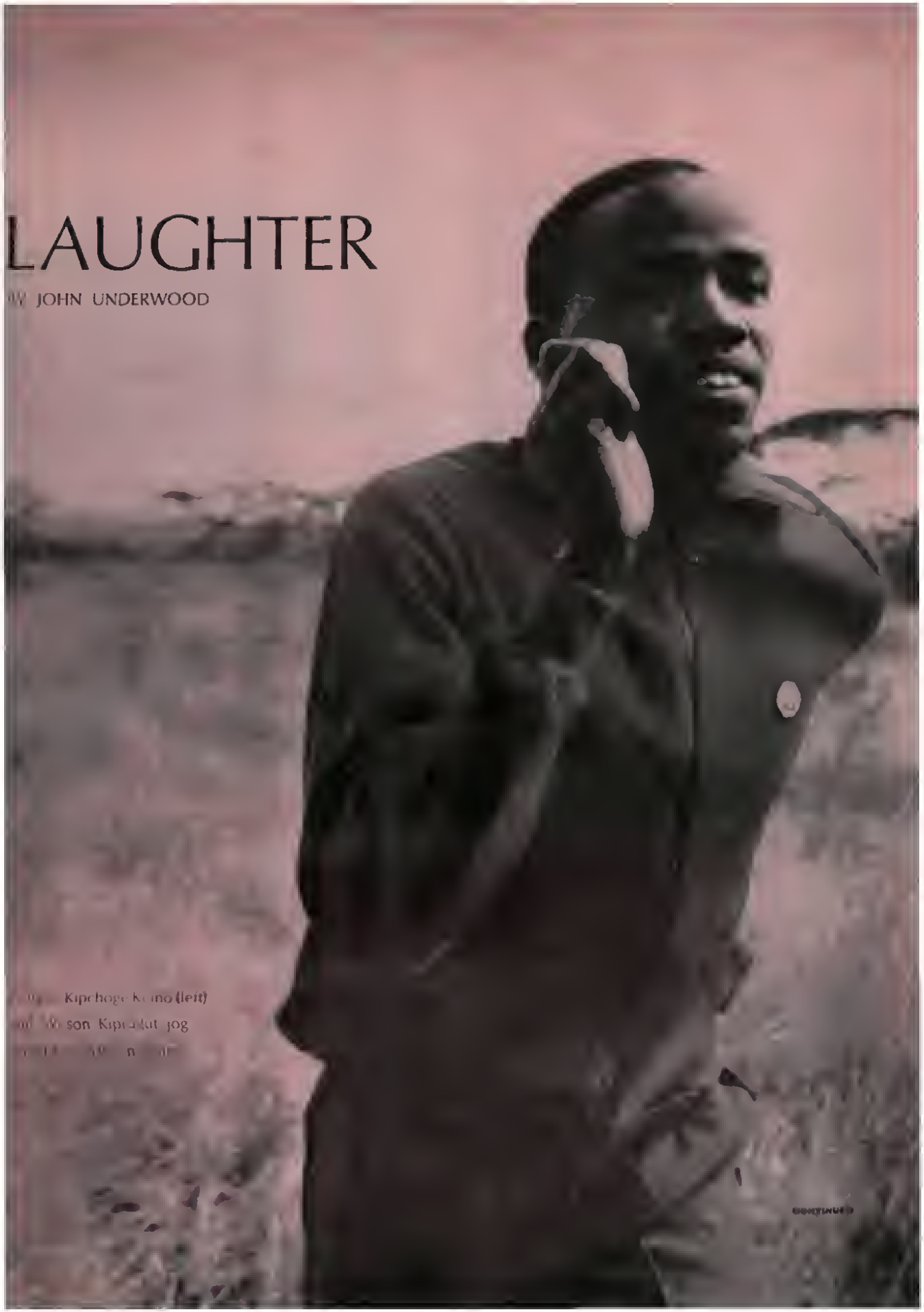


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LOST

LAUGHTER

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD



Kipchoge Keino (left)
son Kipsalat jog

I used to wake up in the middle of the night with black faces laughing at me. I still wake up with black faces laughing at me. But now they have gold medals around their necks, medals I have never won.

—Ron Clarke, the Australian distance runner, after having been beaten by the Kenyan runners Kipchoge Keino and Naftali Temu in separate races at the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica, August 1966.

The peril you encounter when attempting to assay the progress of a five-year-old "emerged" nation is that you become so wrapped up in the way it is, baby, that you overlook the way it was short years ago, you become so frustrated by minor irritations ("Sorry, but that is impossible" is the common denominator for any problem out of the ordinary in most of Africa) that you forget the veneer of civilization is still thin there, and this distorts the longer, more promising view. And then there is the other extreme, where you are so taken by the ideals of nation building that you abandon objectivity entirely and rally round the flag.

That the epidermis of Kenya is blotchy with change is hardly news. The lover of Africa the way it was in romantic text can still sit by a campfire in the Amboseli Game Reserve and watch the zebra and wildebeest play and the afternoon clouds come to lay hold on the lovely white neck of Kilimanjaro. He can still sit at tea under the thorn tree on the veranda of the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi and watch, with idle envy, the pink, self-conscious Americans in their starchy new safari outfits loading up for a woof in the bush with Ker, Downey & Selby's white hunters. Or, if he has a mind to, he can amuse himself with the knowledge that the El Molo tribe still claims to be descendants of fish, and the Masai still raid the Kikuyu for wives.

But the chances are when he passes through the tiny village of Namanga on the Tanzanian border on his way to Kilimanjaro he will have himself an ice-cold Pepsi-Cola at the Shell service station there and pay a couple shillings' tribute for an ocher-smeared Masai to pose with a spear. And when he is out poking the nose of his rented car into a pride of lions lazing in the grass at the Nairobi National Park, he will see on that particular horizon the superstructure of the Belle Vue Drive-In theater just over the fence. (There will probably be four or five more rented cars there, too, nosing in on the lions like a circle of sniffing dogs, the lions royally ignoring them, except, perhaps, to think, "Damn tourists.")

Then, gradually, he will become aware of the more pertinent changes. Recently I lay in bed through the supper hour at the New Stanley to listen as the Voice of Kenya radio presented a lively up-to-date debate on the value of having one wife over many. The debaters were a European woman and a proud-talking African man. His opening remark was a pearl of practicality. "Bigamy is having one wife too many," he said. "So is monogamy."

Kenyans—34 tribes, 34 tongues—have license to be proud because, under that remarkable old revolutionary, Jomo Kenyatta, they are getting it done on a continent that generally is not. It is a lovely country, Kenya. A nice place to visit. For reference, I would as soon walk the alleys of Nairobi after dark as the main streets of Chicago at high noon. It is only when practicality—in the form of expedience—takes hold completely that the growing pains become evident. Too often, then, with no experience to fall back on, action springs from false pride and uncertainty. "There is no racialism in East Africa," Tom Mboya informed an American television audience last July, but Asians are fleeing Kenya by the planeload, and the mood of the Africans who are pressuring them out is (as expressed by Minister Mboya himself). "Good riddance." The East African magazine *Flamingo* explains the prejudice this way. Asians resist Africanization, hoard their money, flinch from teaching African understudies their jobs and are reckless drivers.

The day I arrived in Nairobi they were about to have general elections. President Kenyatta's ruling KANU (Kenya African National Union) party against the opposition KPU (Kenya People's Union), headed by Oginga Odinga, Kenyatta's most persistent rival. The KPU put up almost 1,900 candidates. The government immediately put down all but 70, disqualifying them for failing to register properly (names misspelled, t's uncrossed, i's undotted). The KANUs danced in the streets over their sweeping election victory. The implication was clear: old Jomo was 10 years fermenting in British prisons and exile before getting his country off the ground, and he is not having any opposition just now, thank you very much.

That same week the *Daily Nation* (Nairobi) carried an account of a nightclub manager's arrest in the seacoast town of Malindi after a local official looked in and found no picture of President Kenyatta on the wall behind the bar. This particular picture of Jomo looking hard-eyed and impressive can be seen in almost every hotel and place of business in Kenya. I remember seeing it on the wall of Kipchoge Keino's cottage at the police academy in Kiganjo. When I remarked to a *Nation* reporter on how the Malindi case, vainglorious as it was, made less sense than the big election coup, the reporter pointed out that the nightclub manager had, after all, been quickly released, that the official's hasty action was a typical case of overzeal. Cer-

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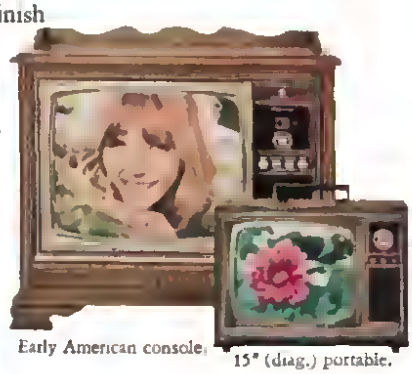
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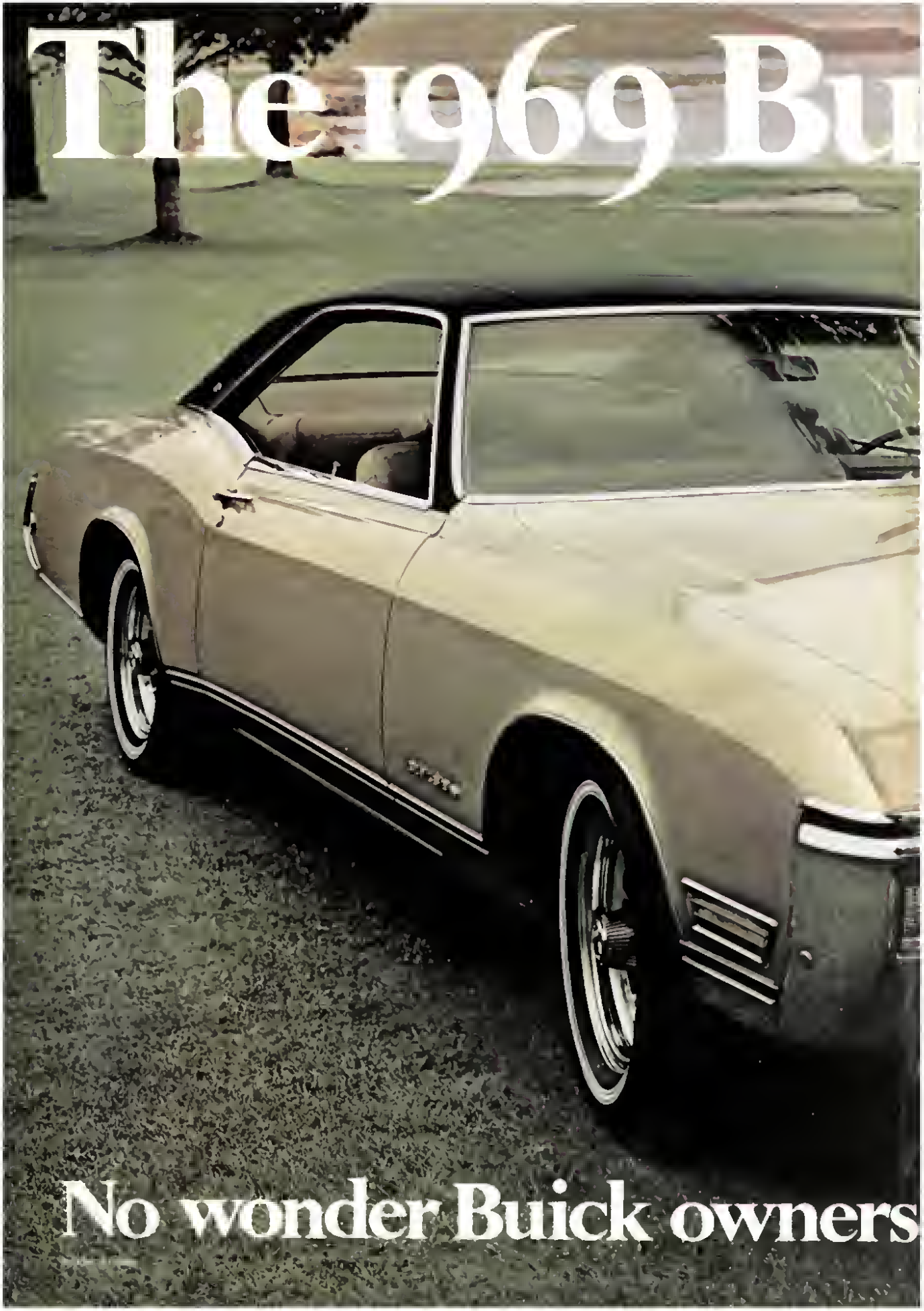
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tainly Kenyatta himself would not have sanctioned such trifling.

So it goes with nation building, but how does it all relate and what does it have to do with the bad dreams that Ron Clarke dreamed two years ago in Jamaica?

Two years ago, and through last year, the runners of Kenya were the talk of the footracing world. They were a new kind of emerging force in Africa—something tangible out of the new social order. Neither well trained nor well equipped by Western standards, with little to go on but their willing (and often bare) feet, they produced, in the remarkably short time since independence in 1963, a platoon of runners who were capable of giving world-class opponents a case of the discouragements.

Kipchoge Keino, a Nandis tribesman with handsome dimples and a mustache, beat Ron Clarke six out of seven races in international meets. He broke world records at 3,000 meters and 5,000 meters. He pushed America's Jim Ryun to a record 1,500 meters in Los Angeles. Keino was a sensation. *Drum* magazine named him African of the Year. Queen Elizabeth mentioned him in her Christmas message to the Commonwealth. The city of Mombasa unveiled Kipchoge Keino Avenue. The only faults that could be found with him were that he sulked after defeats and the *e* in his name came before the *i*. In Kenya he began to appear at receptions with Jomo Kenyatta himself. Said Keino of those meetings: "The president told me: 'When you go off to other places to run, and you win, you win for yourself—but you are Kipchoge of Kenya!'" In a series of flash promotions, Policeman Keino rose from the rank of corporal (1964) to that of chief inspector and moved into a two-bedroom house of quarried stone with a red tile roof and flowers all around.

The Kenyans surrounded their central jewel with others of only slightly lesser water, and the prospect was for a grand haul at the Mexico City Olympics. Not only were the Kenyans good, but they lived at 5,500 feet, and anybody who ever drew a breath of thin air in Mexico City (7,349 feet) knows about the advantage that living at altitude will give a runner at these Olympics. Keino would challenge Ryun at 1,500 meters, he would surely win a gold at 5,000, and he stood a chance for a second at 10,000 meters, conceding that to teammate Naftali Temu. Temu of the Kisii tribe, had been beating Clarke, too, and others who cared to have a romp with him at six miles or 10,000 meters. For Temu, six miles was a breeze, the exact distance it used to be from home to school, and he always ran home for lunch as a schoolboy and again in the evening to beat the darkness.

There was also Wilson Kiprugut, a soft-spoken army sergeant who lowered the Union Jack and raised Kenya's new flag on Independence Day and won a bronze medal in the 800 meters at Tokyo. Kenya's first Olympic medal. If anything, he had improved with age. Benjamin Kogo, a Kikuyu, had outsteeplechased the great Gaston Roelants in Europe. His times put him third in the world in 1967. Masai Daniel Rudisha was so good a quarter-miler (45.8) that he ranked first in the world among non-Americans. The prospects were growing: other Kenyans were said to be only a drumbeat behind Keino and hard on the heels of Temu, and now some of them wore Adidas spiked shoes. German anthropologists and physiologists rushed into Kenya with their calipers to measure chests and thighs in search of the secrets.

Then it began to go bad. Slowly at first, then all too obviously, like fish left on the dock. By August of this year, when I went to Kenya to see Keino and the others, the glow of high purpose had faded and the Kenyans were a jangling medley of neglected excellence and growing doubts. Performances had steadily fallen off or there were no performances. Star athletes had taken to skipping meets. Times were poor.

A series of competitions in Scandinavia, success in which might have been

continued



Controversial John Velzian, here instructing a worker, was fired as Kenya's national coach

the final discouragement for old rival Ron Clarke, was a disaster. In the course of 10 days Clarke beat Keino four times and Temu twice It was Keino who came home discouraged, his sights considerably lowered. He hinted strongly that he would run in only one event at Mexico City, the 5,000 meters, his pet. "I am only human," he said, a nationshaking conclusion. The Nairobi newspapers began writing what's-happening stories ("What's happening to Kipehoge? Is he burning himself out?") and the Kenya Amateur Athletic Association did not have the answer. Furthermore, its officials considered it bad form to ask. Peter Moll of the *Nation* tried the hard line. "Don't expect a miracle" in Mexico City, he wrote, and was roundly rebuked as an alarmist.

What, indeed, was happening? Bureaucracy was happening, mainly. False pride was happening Racialism was happening. To begin with: the sacking of John Velzian, the national coach. Velzian's dismissal was so well couched in new-nation exigencies—always marked by a preoccupation with red tape, petty carping and buck-passing—that it practically went unnoticed, and Velzian himself was left in the dark for weeks. The *Nation*, which had run a five-part, near-book-length series on Velzian's coaching techniques just the year before, calling him a "dynamic, driving force," chose to keep mum, except for a short squib telling of Charles Mukora's appointment as national coach Mukora had been Velzian's understudy. He had spent a year in England studying physical education. He had no meaningful, practical coaching experience. Velzian, with two diplomas from English universities, had been coaching in Kenya for 10 years.

The only explanation hinted at was that Velzian had gotten too big for his whistle and was getting more credit than he deserved. Officials denied charges of racialism ("People in Nairobi think it's racialism," said Charles Mbathi, the president of the Kenya AAA, "but it is not"). Mbathi took the position that Velzian was overrated. "John Velzian is not responsible for *all* Kenya's brilliant athletes," he said. Other officials, though privately sympathetic to Velzian, kept still.

The athletes fell in line. When I asked Keino about Velzian, keeping the question as innocent as possible, Keino said, "How could he be my coach? He is in Nairobi and I am here at Kiganjo, four hours away." Keino apparently had forgotten that Velzian did not always live in Nairobi, that for two years he was practically next door at Kagumo College and working with Keino, then an unknown, on a regular basis Since moving to Nairobi as national coach, Velzian had run up one of the grandest gasoline bills in East Africa, touring the provinces on weekends, getting in his coaching licks at schools and villages and army camps, outlining schedules for the more advanced athletes like Keino. He paid for his own gas.

No matter, Velzian was now out and no one was rallying to his defense. It was especially easy not to in Velzian's case because he had made a career of battling the Establishment and stepping on toes. (Ironically, his personal odyssey began in Kenya with a struggle against the other side of the racial issue. The first nut he had to crack was the old colonial prejudice that Africans would run only for a pot or a panga, never for the love of it.) New Coach Mukora was soon so wrapped up in administrative duties that, as he admitted to a local reporter, he had not coached a single training session or sent out a single individual schedule. The athletes were on their own, because after Mukora there was no one. If, therefore, you accept the argument that Velzian was no more than a little help, you must also conclude that, where once there was a little help, there now was no help

Quite by accident, I later came upon a break in the party line Lydia Stevens is one of the best girl runners in Kenya. She is a college student, bright and friendly After watching her run at Nyeri one afternoon, I remarked on her beautiful style, a petite version of Wilma Rudolph. "I have a very good coach," she said. "Oh? Who is that?" "John Velzian," she said.

In the meanwhile the weeks went by, and it was evident nothing much was getting accomplished How much damage was done is hard to tell. There is probably no way to red-tape a runner like Keino out of an Olympic medal, or a Temu, either, and Wilson Kiprugut is too dedicated to let himself deteriorate But so much indulgence has been laid on Keino that you now needed a letter of introduction to get to him ("He will not talk to you without it," I was told by a Kenya AAA official. "He will give you a bad time. With a letter, you may get his cooperation"). Keino was not training, or not training very hard, and he competed only when the mood struck him. Kiprugut was unhappy, and Temu was threatening to retire. "There has been so little encouragement," he said.

In early August the national championships were held in Nyeri. Temu had a death in the family and missed the



Big 1968 failure was Daniel Rudisha, last year the fastest 440 man in world outside U.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE



Velzian's successor was Charles Mukora, [illegible] paid with administrative detail

first day. Kogo did not compete at all. Keino was there but chose not to run in the mile or six miles, where he might have pulled some of the younger talent up to Olympic qualifying standards. I was told he had had a disagreement with the sports officer in his Central Province and refused to run for the Central team. Mukora, the coach, seemed to have no say in the matter. One was reminded that last November Diana Monks, then Kenya's outstanding girl athlete and an Olympic pentathlon contender, was suspended two years by the Kenya AAA for missing a meet without permission. Sports Officer William Yeda, who pretty much controls Kenyan athletics, called Miss Monks's neglect "an abuse to the nation." There were those, however, who argued that Miss Monks's principal offense was that she was a European (a white) and otherwise would not have been punished so severely. The suspension stuck.

Keino, though not competing, was much in evidence the first day of the meet at Nyeri. He moved around in a stylish gray suit and pointed shoes, sipping Coca-Colas and chatting with friends and checking times with his stopwatch. He was in good spirits. Peter Moll asked him why he would not run. "I will not," Keino said, dismissing the subject. On the second day he agreed to run as a "guest" (no team affiliation) in the three miles. He came on the track dramatically, the last one out, wearing satiny blue briefs and a white shirt with a small red cross in the middle. He warmed up apart from the others as the crowd hummed with excitement. There was no doubting his star quality. The other runners gave him respectful side-glances. In a good race of unspectacular time (13 31 3), he won the three-mile, beating Temu, and the big crowd in the bleachers and on the hillsides surrounding the stadium cheered him around.

None of the statistics for the two-day meet were outstanding, nor were they much better the next weekend when the Kenyans won the East African Games at Dar es Salaam. After that they flew down to Zambia and there they all took a real rest. Keino ran 5,000 meters in 14 35 1, more than a minute slower than his best. Temu ran 10,000 meters in 30 32 7, two minutes off. Kiprugut's 800 meters (1:49 5) was four seconds off his best. The Kenyan sprinters, who had been coming on a year ago and were being advertised as a new thrust for Mexico City, were going badly. Rudisha could not even beat the local talent. "At this stage in his development," commented one correspondent, "I doubt Rudisha could outrun his clumsy Masai cattle."

In Nairobi John Velzian said he was heartbroken by the turn of events. My first night there I had dinner with Velzian and invited him to cry it out, except that crying is not within Velzian's emotional range. He is, at all times, a confident little man, cocksure of his coaching ability, the legitimacy of which can be detected in five minutes of shoptalk. As a white man in a black country, he might have been better off had he adopted a more pliable nature, say like that of Onni Niskanen in Ethiopia. Niskanen coaches Abebe Bikila, the Olympic marathon champion in 1960 and 1964. The official line, as I discovered there three years ago, was that Niskanen is *not* Bikila's coach. Bikila told me Niskanen was his coach. I watched Niskanen coach him and the two of them clown around together. But officially I was directed to say that Niskanen was not Bikila's coach. It did not matter to Niskanen. He said he would as soon not have the notoriety. Velzian, younger (40) and less governable, does not shrink so willingly from the spotlight.

Velzian is not, and does not necessarily claim to be, the sum and substance of Kenya's athletic success. The Keinos and the Kipruguts emerged at the top of a pyramid built over the years from a solid, growing base: a broad athletic program at the school and village level. That is where Kenya has it over its African neighbors. (There is some irony in this, too, because nationwide emphasis on sport at that level was pushed during the Mau Mau emergency in the late 1950s when sports officers were sent out to instruct and organize the young men in order to keep their minds off other activities. Mau Mau is now anathema in Kenya; no one likes to be reminded of it.) The school program gets widespread and enthusiastic support. The annual school track-and-field meet, held recently in Mombasa, drew 350 boys and girls. Velzian, retained for two years by the government

continued

as games tutor at the University College in Nairobi and as president of the Kenya Schools' Athletic Association, was in charge. Something of his approach to bureaucracy—the crash-right-through technique—can be seen in the way he handles transportation. He needed a train to get the 350 athletes to Mombasa. He called a railroad official. The official said it was impossible. "All right," said Velzian, "it's impossible. But it's *not* impossible for you to get on the phone and ring the vice-president of Kenya and tell *him* it's impossible, because he's the patron of our association." Velzian got his train. "We had a fantastic championship," he said.

At dinner Velzian said the first signs of his becoming expendable as national coach came after a story on him and the Kenyans appeared in SI, Dec. 19, 1966, written by Senior Editor Martin Kane. "The story was entirely accurate," said Velzian, "and flattering to me, but it did not sit well with the Kenya AAA." A "commission of inquiry" was formed to investigate the matter. Velzian was charged with glorifying himself. Sports Officer William Yeda made a list of complaints over statements of "fact," and Velzian answered that each statement was indeed a fact. Charles Mukora, who succeeded him as coach, accused Velzian of writing the story himself. Mukora said further that a picture showing Rudisha with a Masai spear and ocher on his face and body "made Kenya look as if it were a land of primitive savages."

Velzian said he believed that Yeda's antagonism stemmed from a deep-seated resentment over setbacks he (Yeda) had suffered in the past. "I think Yeda was gunning for me," said Velzian. The controversy over the story boiled for a while, but Velzian survived it, only to go through a series of smaller battles over other issues. "My feeling was we had to get as many Kenyan runners qualified for Mexico City as possible, and we had to have our meetings designed for that purpose, and we had to be very scientific about where we put our high-altitude training camp. Some of them couldn't even spell altitude, didn't know what oxygen debt was. It was becoming impossible to get anything right, and Kenya's chances were sliding away. I told them they were ruining the team."

Then, finally, came the African boycott movement against South Africa's admission into the Games. Velzian said, "I wanted the athletes to say, 'We don't care who he is, what color, what religion—if he has two legs, we'll run against him.' We should be apart from politics. I don't understand them, I don't expect my athletes to. But they were under pressure to speak out." After the African countries met and decided to boycott, the International Olympic Committee backed down and ruled South Africa out. The Kenya AAA met again. "They decided to have a reshuffling of our team organization," said Velzian. "The only one they reshuffled was me."

Previously, for all his work, Velzian had never been chosen to accompany the athletes on an overseas trip, except to the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica in 1966, when the Kenyan runners stood out like vest buttons. Only recently did he learn that he had been invited to coach the Commonwealth team for the meet with the U.S. at Los Angeles in July of 1967. "The invitation never got to me," said Velzian. "It got only as far as Yeda's office." Lieutenant Colonel Jack Davies of Canada, who was instrumental in the formation of the Commonwealth team, confirmed that Velzian had indeed been invited, but the invitation, following the routes of protocol, was sent to Dr. A. A. Ordia of Nigeria to pass on to the Kenya AAA. It was Colonel Davies' understanding that Velzian had turned it down. Velzian would have sooner cut off a leg. "We would have liked to have had him," said Davies. "I met him in Jamaica and was impressed."

We finished dinner and Velzian got up to leave. He had seldom smiled during the meal. He said he believed he was as good as through in Kenya, that if he were offered a coaching job in the United States he would "go in a minute." He said he could not entirely blame the Kenya AAA, because many of its members were new and did not really know him or share his past involvement. What bothered him, he said, was seeing those wonderful Kenyan prospects disintegrating.

"The team had looked so great last year," he said. "But from February on there were danger signs. No competition, no real training. I do not believe in closed seasons. I believe you must improve steadily and never, *never* go backward. The only justification for sending a team to Scandinavia was to win, to prepare them psychologically for the Olympics. Temu and Keino vs. Clarke. Two against one. They should have run him off the track. They should have had him thinking about retirement. I talked to them when they came home. I was with Keino just the other night. We talked until 4 in the morning. I was not happy with what I heard. They were talking about how good Clarke looked, how good the opposition was. They were talking about getting beat. Keino said he had had cramps in Scandinavia. I said to him, 'Kip, you are making excuses. You have never made excuses before.'

"If I had anything at all it was the ability to motivate. I would not have had them talking this way. I would not have allowed it. We were a team, we thought as a team and we thought only of winning. I pushed hard, but when I pushed it was because it had to be. No, I will not go to the meet at Nyeri tomorrow. I am going to have a holiday at the beach instead. I think if I went to Nyeri it would break my heart."

On the evening after the first day's competition at Nyeri I sat with friends in the lounge at the Outspan Hotel, wondering whom I could coerce into writing a prefatory note to Keino. We had met at the track that afternoon and had talked briefly, laughing over small jokes—Keino handles English well and catches many of the subtleties—and he seemed glad to talk, but he made no promises for further discussion. Officials I had met at the track had been hastily introduced (one of them, I believe it was Yeda, advised me straight off "not to write distorted truths"), and there was no time for the framing of notes.

A big man with slightly Arabic features and bright, house-counting eyes suddenly loomed over us. "If you are

the one who wrote that other story," he said in a loud voice, "I have come to have you deported. Failing that"—he broke into an enormous grin—"I will at least try to kill you during your stay here." The man was introduced as Aish Jeneby, secretary of the Kenya AAA. He quickly established his lead as a conversationalist.

I said I could not take credit for the story but appreciated the warning and would remember to lock my door and put a panga under the pillow. What about Keino?

Jeneby launched into a recital on his own travels with Kipchoge, lugging in some lengthy side references to the deplorable state of modern journalism, which he made clear was his reason for dropping by. He said he had accompanied Kipchoge to Russia in July, where, on the day of the 10,000-meter competition, Kipchoge's shoes were stolen. "If I ever thought of becoming a Communist," bellowed Jeneby, "that changed me forever. It was Kipchoge's only pair!" In borrowed shoes two sizes too large, Keino finished second, with blisters. "After the race the Kenya ambassador to Russia came onto the track and picked Kipchoge up bodily. There were 20 Kenyans there from the embassy, and they made the noise of 1,000. You should have heard them."

Eventually, Jeneby lectured me on my mission. "We are not rich here in Kenya," he said, "and we have much to learn, but we are a very, very proud people. Very proud. We are not happy that the American athletes will not come to run here. Your Mr. Ryun has turned us down, and others, too. We will not send our runners to the United States again until they come here. I promise you that.

"But we also need your help. We need equipment, you can see that. Runners without shoes. We need coaching. We encourage your help. Criticize us if you like, that is all right. We need that, too. Criticize us. But be honest."

I told him I would, and I would be, and I could use some help myself. How was he at writing mash notes to Kipchoge? The next morning Jeneby wrote the note. He delayed long enough to check it through with another member of the AAA, but he wrote it.

Keino's quarters at the police training college at Kiganjo are down a red dirt road lined with poinsettias. The house is pleasantly seated among euphorbia trees and banana plants, and alongside there is a shelter for a car. Once, Keino said, he had owned a Peugeot, but he found that having it made him use it and he would stay out too late for a man who was supposed to be training. He sold the Peugeot.

It was after 10 a.m. when I arrived. Keino was just finishing breakfast. There was a large box of American cornflakes on the table. Keino got up and came outside, wearing over his Western clothes a colorful West African serapelike garment he bought in his travels. Whenever I have seen him he has always been handsomely groomed. He looked smaller in street clothes than he did on the track. He is no more than 5' 10", 145 pounds. I remembered that in Jamaica Velzian had been told by a foreign colleague that Keino would never cut it "because his legs are too skinny." "You must come to Kenya," said Velzian, "and see our Grant's gazelles. They also have thin legs."

I never quite got the feeling of being swept off my feet with hospitality, but Keino was a good host. He read Jeneby's note and invited me in and soon was at ease. He has a practiced charm, he arches his eyebrows and smiles, and when he smiles his dimples sink and the gap shows where there is a tooth missing in the middle of his lower jaw. "It is an old tribal custom," he explained. "When you are sick they can put milk through, or medicine. It was taken out when I was very young."

Keino had houseguests, a young schoolteacher and his wife. The young man had grown up near Keino's home village of Kaptagunyo in the Rift Valley, 200 miles from Kiganjo. It is at Kaptagunyo that Keino's wife lives with their 4-year-old daughter and runs the family farm and sees that the cattle are tended. Keino tries to get home at least once a month. He showed pictures of his daughter. I asked if more children were in the plans. "That is not my will,"

continued

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said Keino. "That is God's will."

His houseboy brought coffee. Around the living room were the evidences of Keino's high station: a picture of him and Jomo Kenyatta, smiling at one another and holding the stuffed-lion mascot of Kenya's team. Both wore *uhuhru* hats. There was a large and crowded trophy case; pennants from Brazil and Zambia and other places he has run; a large stuffed panda. The only picture of him in action shows him in a race with Ron Clarke. Clarke is ahead in the picture. Keino sat down and passed around the cream and sugar. He said he was tired from a 10-mile morning walk he had taken with his police recruits. "It is easier to run than to walk," he said.

We talked freely, if somewhat perfunctorily, and what he did not care to discuss he simply did not discuss, as though the question, no matter how inoffensive, had not been asked. I had heard that Kipchoge meant "son of milkman," or a reasonable facsimile. I asked him about it. He looked away and said nothing. He grew up on a farm, he said, with three sisters, and sometimes they helped him watch the cattle, but it was his job. "My father did not like it when I went to school," he said, "because then I could not watch the cattle."

Keino said he played football (soccer) as a child, using a tennis ball or a ball made of rope. "I was usually a good footballer," he said, "but when I started athletics it was not good to concentrate on two sports, so I gave up the football." He said he had pleasant memories of his first trip abroad, all the way to Perth, Australia on a big airliner. It was in 1962 for the Commonwealth Games. "We made stops in other countries. It was very good. I saw the differences of people, how they looked and acted. The Australians were different, and then I saw the Malaysians and they were different, and the Orientals. In each place they were different. It is good to travel and be able to return and tell of your experiences to young sportsmen."

He reenacted that first competition in Perth. He was 22 and just coming into his own as a runner. "I got to be way ahead in the race. I think Ron Clarke was in it. I was half a lap ahead, and then I was 200 yards ahead and we came to the last lap. We came to the stretch, and then, *shhhh*, one is by me. *Shhhh*, two is by me. *Shhhh*, three comes. I am thinking they are all coming by me. Four, five, six. *Shh*, *shhhh*. They are all sprinting. I was annoyed. I could do nothing."

He said he began working right away to get himself a finishing kick, and to do that he shortened his stride. "I was running the same speed all the time. I had a long, long stride. I had to learn to accelerate. I thought for myself that I must cut my stride in order to accelerate. It was about eight feet. I cut it to six feet." He said he had learned by watching others. He did not say whether John Velzian had taught him anything at all. "I learned more of tactical running in the two times I have raced against Jim Ryun than any other way. Ryun," he said reverently, "is very strong."

Keino has been a policeman for 10 years, always at the college in Kiganjo. He said he would remain a policeman. The food is good and there is a pension at age 50. He likes the work, instructing in physical education, and he trains as he pleases. Ordinarily he will run six miles a day. That is short rations by the masochistic standards of American and European distance runners, but it is over hilly terrain, at 5,500 feet, and for him it is enough. He said, however, that he had not really trained well since January. He did not think he was far behind, but he did not think, either, that he was pushing for three events as everybody expected. He said he had tried to run in two—the 5,000 and 1,500—at Tokyo and had become tired, and there were no medals to comfort him.

"My people want me always to run in three events," he said. "I do not think it is so good. I am human. I think it is better to concentrate on one." He had been told by one Nairobi writer that he would be wasting a marvelous chance, because he could be a triple gold-medal winner. Keino replied, "It is easy for you to say, 'Run all three, Kipchoge.' You will sit and write while I run."

Velzian, on the other hand, believes the schedule in Mexico City is made to

order for a Keino grand slam As he sees it, Keino could run the 10,000 meters as a straight training session He will need one anyway. After a day's rest he could run a trial heat in the 5,000. rest another day, run the 5,000 final and then tackle Ryun at 1,500 As September began, Keino ran a 3:53.3 mile in a meet at 3,700-foot altitude (and pulled 19-year-old Ben Jipcho under 4 minutes). Perhaps Velzian is right.

I invited Keino to join me at the Outspan that night for dinner, but he did not make it and he did not call. Later he explained that he had been detained at the dance for the athletes and their guests in Nyeri. His friend the teacher said the evening was not a total loss. Keino had won second prize in the dance contest

It required no notes or special envoys to see Temu and Kiprugut and the other Kenyan runners. They came to Nairobi to group at the Highridge Teachers' College for training prior to the trip to Dar es Salaam. In the mornings and afternoons they could be found in the dormitory rooms, and we sat around on the bunks and talked of their dreams.

Temu, now 24, is an army private. He is narrow of shoulder, thinner even than Keino. He talked about how strong Ron Clarke looked in Finland He wanted to know what had happened to Billy Mills, the American who had won the 10,000 meters at Tokyo. "We do not know where he went," he said. "Where did Billy Mills went? Is he training?" I told him Mills was, indeed, in training but had not been assured a place on the U.S team. "Everybody must be fit," he said wistfully. "Everybody will be fighting to win Ron Clarke, he looks very fit."

Wilson Kiprugut came into the room. He said he was trying to find a place to lay his body. He is 28, like Keino, but he has been competing for 12 years and he says he is very tired and will retire from running after the Olympics and concentrate on making sergeant major "It is very difficult," he said. "It takes much seniority."

Kiprugut has a very soft, expressive voice and, more than all the others, his conversation is easy and expansive He volunteers information. He is better built than Keino or Temu, strong in the upper torso like the Masai, Rudisha "I am not so strong now," Kiprugut said. "I am getting older now. I am getting tired But not so bad, not so bad at all."

Kiprugut is of the Kipsigis tribe He said it was *nine* miles to his school as a boy and he had to run it, too, but he did not run it for long. "I complained to my father to buy me a bicycle, and my father bought me a bicycle " When he was young, he said, "I tried to run against big men. I am running in the 440 I come second in our location Then I go to the district. I come third. They take me to run in the interprovince meeting. I come fourth So I go back to school again.

"Now I am very keen to train. I go to my teacher and I tell him, 'Sir, please let me do some training for athletics' I now get to have plenty of practice I am very keen for the 440 and the 880. I come first in my area. I work very hard, and I think now I am very good indeed, so I try to get some shoes. I am still running barefoot when I join the army in 1959, and the army gives me shoes. Black skin shoes with spikes. I do not like them. In 1960 I do not go anywhere. But in 1961 I start to build up again. In 1962 I am very good indeed Now, the sports officer he is very keen to help me. He buys me a very good pair of shoes."

He talked about his Olympic medal and the day he raised the flag. "Oh, it was a very good day. Everybody was *so* very happy Everybody was dancing in the streets, in the airport. Everybody was very, very happy." He said his travels had taught him much, and he had learned much about coaching. "In Tokyo I was very keen to ask about training, to sit down and talk and to learn. I was not having any coaching at that time I learned much Peter Snell was too busy to talk. He was hiding himself on another track. But I kept trying to have friendships, to talk about coaching. I would like to coach I would like to have it here like it is in the United States." He smiled. "I think you have one coach for every athlete in the United States."

I asked if he were looking forward to

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Mexico City, and what he expected to find for himself there Kiprugut shook his head

"The Kenya people say, 'Ah, he is now in a good position Maybe he will get the gold medal, or the silver medal,' but I say I do not know These things do not come automatically The other boys, they feel they are in a good position, too I may be in the Top Ten in the world, but maybe there will be very good Americans and Russians and Australians and Germans Maybe they have a better condition than me It depends on many things, the climate, many things. It is very difficult I am in good shape here, at 5,000, 6,000 feet When I go up to 7,000 feet it will not be the same I cannot promise anyone I will do this and this. It is very difficult"

On the two days that I watched the Kenyans train as a team at the army camp outside Nairobi, Charles Mukora, the coach, could not be there, being busy with other duties It is probable that he made other sessions, but those I watched were haphazard and desultory Keino came one day in street clothes and kept times with his watch. He said his stomach had been bothering him

Perhaps, as Kipling once said, " . . . more men are killed by overwork than the impatience of this world justifies," and it may be the Kenyans are so good that all their doubts and apparent neglect will drift away in the breeze of their own great talent. There is a tree in East Africa called the baobab, a fat-bellied tree that produces large, pendulous flowers and oblong fruits filled with pulp Though its trunk is enormous, the branches of the baobab slim down quickly into thousands of spindly, weblike tendrils, and the tree appears on the horizon to be almost barren According to legend, the baobab was uprooted by the Devil and the branches are actually the roots There is much in Africa today that seems to be growing upside down Those who philosophize could say that the roots are actually reaching for the stars and are not upside down at all. It is all in the point of view. I would feel more confident of it if I had found the black faces laughing. END















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The Series That Almost Never Got Played

As far as Pitcher Cy Young and Catcher Lou Criger knew, the season of 1903 was all over and it was time to go home. Then the Boston manager phoned and the first (unofficial) World Series was on **by FRANK SLEEPER**

What is generally conceded to be the first World Series almost never got played. It was saved by a last-minute phone call involving Lou Criger and Cy Young, the most famous battery of their day—and one of the greatest of all time—and Jimmy Collins, the third-baseman-manager of the Boston Americans (also known as the Puritans and as the Pilgrims). That call is vividly remembered today by Fred Parent, one of their teammates and, at 92, the last surviving Boston player in that first Series.

The call came through as Criger and Young were waiting at a railroad station near the Americans' Huntington Avenue diamond for a train to take them home to the Midwest. As far as both were concerned, the season of 1903 was all finished and done with. They were packed and ready to go, convinced, like many of their teammates, that their contracts had run out. All they knew about a possible World Series between their team and the Pittsburgh Nationals was what they had read in the Boston papers of September 25, *i.e.*, that it had been called off.

"We didn't have much communication with the management in those days," says Fred Parent.

A lot of things were different in baseball in 1903. Parent remembers that there were no clubhouses for visiting teams, and the players drove from hotels to the fields wearing their uniforms. But when they got there they played real ball. Parent loves to talk about those Boston Americans. There was Pat Dougherty, who hit a couple of home runs in one of the games. "He could hit, run and throw," says Fred. "I faced him first when he was pitching for Bridgeport in the Eastern League. He could do everything well." And then there was Candy LaChance, who played first and went to church with Parent. "He was a really nice fellow."

Buck Freeman, who had hit 25 home runs in 1899, was the cleanup batter and played right field. "Buck's legs weren't too good. We'd tried him at first base one year, but he was no good on ground balls. He couldn't cover much territory in right." Then there was Lou Criger, the catcher. "He wasn't a great hitter by any means. He'd hit to right field even though he was right-handed. He had a low batting average, but Lou would drive in a lot of runs. And what a catcher. In eight years I never saw him drop a foul ball. Even Ty Cobb had all kinds of trouble running the bases on Lou."

Certainly it was a well-rounded team, this 1903 Boston American aggregation, what with its hitting, fielding, pitching and catching.

Its series with the Nationals, the Boston counterpart in the other league, had been arranged after a long period of interleague warfare, which ended—more or less—when both leagues signed an agreement permitting the owner of the Nationals to bar the American League from Pittsburgh forever. Sometime during the season when it looked as if Pittsburgh would be an easy winner in its league, that same owner, Barney Dreyfuss, approached Milwaukee Lawyer Henry J. Killilea, who owned the American League-leading Bostonians, with the idea of staging a best-out-of-nine-games playoff in September. The deal was made; the dates were set. Then the Boston players revolted, and Killilea announced to the press that the Series was off. The cause of the revolt was a disagreement over the players' split of the gate. Killilea wanted half Boston's share of the receipts: the players wanted more. They read the statement from Jimmy Collins in the September 25 papers that there would be no Series, that Killilea was adamant, and they got ready to leave—and were on the way. But Killilea recanted, and Collins had to round up the Americans. He got in touch with most of them at home and, as Parent says, put in the crucial call to the railroad station after he found out where Criger and Young were. A clubhouse meeting was called for September 26. Killilea finally said he'd take only 25% of the proceeds coming to him (half of the total proceeds) and let the team have 75%. Thus the stage was set for a unique event—a World Series in which the winning-team (Boston) members got less money than members of the losing team. The Boston Americans each received $1,182.17 plus $98 apiece that they raised at a banquet in Boston. But Barney Dreyfuss turned over all his proceeds to his Nationals, and their final shares totaled $1,316.25 each. "Things just weren't worked out very well for the Series," Freddy Parent asserts.

It wasn't just the arrangements for paying the players. The fields they played on were far too small for the crowds they drew. The October 3 game in Boston sold 18,801 admission tickets, and another 20,000 crowded in free. The October 10 game in Pittsburgh drew 17,038 paid. Exposition Park in Pittsburgh normally held about 8,000 maximum. Pictures in the Boston papers show police using rubber hoses and nightsticks to move the fans back. Ropes went up to keep them back, and it was a triple if you hit it into the crowd behind those ropes. In the four games in Pittsburgh 18 triples boomed into the crowds, 13 of them hit by the Bostons. "Sure, if

continued

we got the ball we wanted we'd deliberately try to hit it into the crowd behind the ropes," Parent admits. "In Boston the fans broke down the fence. And before it broke down some fans were pulling up others with ropes over that fence for $1 or $2 a head. What a way to run a World Series!"

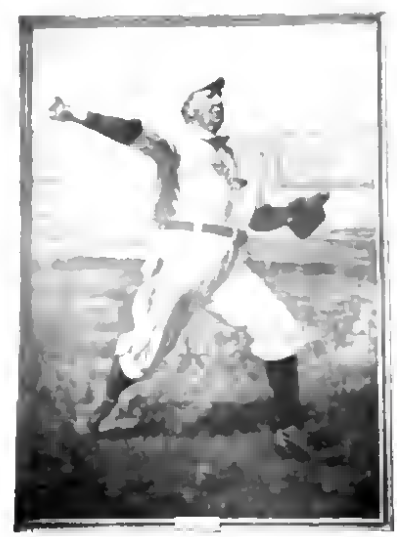
There were other mixed-up aspects to the contest. The great Honus Wagner, for example, never looked worse. He batted .222, made many errors and got only one hit in his last 14 times at bat. Near the end of the games in Pittsburgh, this famed shortstop was being showered with confetti—and not as a tribute. Parent himself hit 59 points higher, made some great plays and was being cheered in Pittsburgh by the time the Series neared its end there. "Wagner was hurt and wouldn't speak to me on the field or right after the Series," Parent says. "I'm afraid he choked." At the end of it all Boston won five games to three, after trailing three games to one.

How does Parent explain the shift? "We just couldn't get started," he says. "We didn't get the breaks in these first four games. We were hitting the ball hard —and we were a hitting team—but it would go straight to someone, or one of the Pittsburgh players would come up with a sensational catch. Kitty Bransfield caught one I hit, and as I ran past he himself said he was a lucky s.o.b. [Bransfield was the Pittsburgh first baseman.] After we started getting the breaks we could have beaten them 50 games easy."

What Parent feels was the greatest fielding play of the Series is an example of Pittsburgh's early breaks. In the fourth game played at Pittsburgh, Duke Farrell, the Boston team's drunk ("It was hard stuff, you know," Parent says), pinch-hit with three on and with Boston rallying. Even with a hangover Farrell could still hit, and he laced a line drive over Wagner's head. It looked like a sure hit. Parent explains (and he was on third), but Fred Clarke, Pittsburgh's playing manager, came tearing in from left field and made a great, one-handed catch. That saved two runs, and the final score of that fourth game was Pittsburgh 5 and Boston 4. "I have a picture of us on the bench about that time—and you should have seen the long faces," Parent declares.

By the time the Series got going the Pittsburgh pitching staff had been riddled for one reason or another, but the team still had Deacon Phillippe, who won the three games that Pittsburgh took and was dubbed a hero. Parent doesn't recall that Phillippe was so great. "He just had a curve and a changeup, and we always could have hit him with any breaks," he claims. Although Sam Leever, who had won over 20 for Pittsburgh, came up with a lame arm for the Series, he did pitch one complete game and part of an earlier one, but Parent scoffs at that. "Sam was afraid we'd hit the hell out of him," he asserts. "He, too, had nothing but a curve and changeup." Ed Doheny, who had won 16 games for Pittsburgh, went insane near season's end and ended up in an institution.

Parent's own team had at least one pitching problem. Tom Hughes, a 21-game winner, appeared for only one short two-inning stretch in the Series. Bill Dinneen, who was later to become a great umpire, was the Boston hero with three wins, two of them shutouts. And old Cy Young, by then 36, had a couple of wins. What happened to Hughes, who had just as many wins as Dinneen in the regular season? "For some reason," says Parent, "Collins didn't like him by Series time. He must have crossed Jimmy somewhere along the line in the season. Collins was a quiet, nice man, but you couldn't cross him. He started Hughes one day after Tom had spent a night on the town. I think Tom did it because he wasn't being pitched. Naturally he was whacked and never appeared in the Series again. It was about the end for Tom."



IMMORTALIZED on canvas, Pitcher Cy Young winds up at the Cooperstown Hall of Fame

While Parent has some contempt for the way the first modern World Series was run, he has only admiration for the way the game was played then compared with now. "The pitchers were smarter then," he says. "If you got a couple of hits in a row you were bound to be brushed back on the first pitch your next time up. No manager would give signs to the batter. It was up to him. If you didn't do what was right at the plate you heard about it. You gave signals to the base runner. The batter had to think; he just didn't do what the manager ordered."

After that first Series the baseball war broke out again, and there was no World Series in 1904. John J. McGraw, who managed Baltimore, jumped out of the American League in 1902 and joined the New York Giants in the National. John Brush, the Giants' owner, backed up his manager 100%. The Giants won the pennant in 1904 but refused to play the Americans. It took another year for public opinion to bring about the first official World Series between the two leagues in 1905.

But even though the 1904 Series wasn't played, Fred Parent knows how it would have come out. "The Giants would have been duck soup for us," he says. "They were afraid of us. We'd played them in the spring and had really whacked them, both Joe McGinnity and Christy Mathewson. We would have won."

And there is sadness in Parent's memory about the breakup of the 1903-1904 Boston Americans. "General Taylor, the new owner, did it. He was drunk half the time, and when he didn't like a player that was that. He didn't like Jimmy Collins, and he got rid of him. He didn't like Pat Dougherty and sold him to New York. He got rid of Candy LaChance when Candy wouldn't become a switch hitter. General Taylor did give us all more money in 1904. My salary went up from $3,500 to $4,200, but at the end of 1907 he sold me to Charley Comiskey and the White Sox."

That was the end of the first World Championship team. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

DETROIT (5-1) nailed down its first pennant since 1945 by playing last-inning clutch ball as it had all year (*page 26*). Joe Sparma, called on to start just before game time following an injury to Earl Wilson, tossed a five-hitter, and Don Wert, a .200 batter for the year, drove in the winning run with a ninth-inning single. The clincher was the Tigers' eighth consecutive win and they did not stop there. The new champs stormed on for three more victories to build the majors' longest winning streak of the season. Along the way Denny McLain achieved his 31st triumph by defeating NEW YORK (0-6). The Yanks' hopes for a third-place finish took a nose dive, but McLain still gave them something to lift their spirits by serving up a made-to-order, belt-high fastball to Mickey Mantle. The Yankee star did exactly what McLain seemingly intended when he hit the pitch for his 535th home run and moved into third place behind Babe Ruth and Willie Mays on the career home run list. BOSTON (5-1) took advantage of the Yanks' slump to regain a solid hold on third, and Carl Yastrzemski continued his effort to prevent the batting title from becoming an embarrassment. He averaged .400 for the week to increase his season's percentage to .303. Set for a dismal seventh-place finish, MINNESOTA (4-2) still managed to brighten things up by playing versatile Cesar Tovar in all nine positions in one game. CLEVELAND (1-2), with two rain-outs and two off days, could afford to spend all its aces at once. Manager Al Dark used Sonny Siebert, Sam McDowell and Luis Tiant against the Angels and just did eke out a 3-2 victory. Both OAKLAND (2-3) and BALTIMORE (3-3) had trouble scoring runs. With the pitchers putting together four straight complete games, the A's could easily have returned to the first division but did not when the batters thrice failed to push across more than a run. The Orioles were shut out two times and one of those games probably cost Jim Hardin, whose teammates have scored two or fewer runs in four of his last six starts, his chance for a 20-win season. CHICAGO (2-3) reliever Wilbur Wood picked up his 12th win in his 83rd game of the year as he set a league record for appearances by a pitcher. Frank Howard, who has averaged .750 with eight RBIs against the Indians' Sam McDowell this season, continued to blast the big fastballer with a two-run, eighth-inning double to give WASHINGTON (2-2) one win. Led by Jim Fregosi's .381 average, CALIFORNIA (1-4) batted five points over its season's percentage, but the hits rarely came at the right moment as the Angels dropped four of five one-run games.

Standings: Det 101-55, Balt 88-68, Bos 84-72, Clev 83-73, NY 80-76, Oak 78-78, Minn 75-81, Cal 66-90, Chi 64-92, Wash 60-95

NATIONAL LEAGUE

With his contract for 1969 signed and the Dodgers on a late surge that has moved them from 10th to seventh, LOS ANGELES (6-1) Manager Walt Alston had his eye on the future. "You just have to look at this as encouraging, at least for next year," he said. His reasons? A revived pitching staff that has thrown five shutouts during the Dodgers' two-week rise and the overall play of youngsters Willie Crawford and Bill Sudakis, who look set for starting jobs in the outfield and at third base, respectively. Steve Blass's second-half performance (11-3, with six shutouts, since the All-Star Game) is giving PITTSBURGH (5-1) good reason for optimism, too. The slender righthander enhanced that record last week with a two-hit shutout in the same game in which Maury Wills stole the 500th base of his career. SAN FRANCISCO's (5-2) Candlestick Park was a lively spot with consecutive no-hitters (*below*) and normally placid Willie Mays attempting to jump into the stands to show two heecklers what he thought of their unkind remarks. Complete games by Jim McAndrew and Tom Seaver and tight relief pitching by Don Shaw and Cal Koonce gave NEW YORK (4-2) three one-run wins and an edge over HOUSTON (3-3) in their fight to stay out of the cellar. The Astros, shut out twice, dropped to 10th for the first time in a month even though the hitters averaged .228. ATLANTA's (3-4) Felipe Alou and CINCINNATI's (2-5) Pete Rose both collected their 200th hits of the season. Although Alou passed the mark first, it was a bigger achievement for Rose, who missed three weeks with a broken thumb and now has had 200 or more hits in three of his six big-league seasons. Nobody in PHILADELPHIA (2-5) is neutral about Slugger Richie Allen. His fans have had plenty to cheer about again this year (30 homers and 81 RBIs), but it was his detractors' turn last week. The boos rang long and loud as Allen set a record for striking out with his 151st whiff of the season. CHICAGO (1-4), challenging a week ago for second, was outscored 18-4 in its losses and now must battle to stay in the first division. With all the Cardinals' starters taking at least one day off to get rested for the World Series, ST. LOUIS' (1-5) lead dropped to nine games, its narrowest margin since July 19.

Standings: Stl. 94-63, SF 85-72, Cin 80-75, Chi 79-78, Atl 79-78, Pitt 78-77, LA 74-83, Phil 73-84, NY 71-86, Hou 70-87

HIGHLIGHT

Because the Giants were facing St. Louis' Bob Gibson, who has been so stingy about allowing runs this season (1.16 ERA with 12 shutouts) that he is almost sure to set a record for earned run average, San Francisco Pitching Coach Larry Jansen told his starter, Gaylord Perry, "You'll have to pitch a shutout to beat him." The 6'4" righthander topped even that tough order, no-hitting the league champions and coming within two walks of a perfect game. Although Perry may have received some help from the champagne hangovers the Cards were suffering after their two-day pennant-clinching celebration, it was really his sharp slider (as dry, many hitters claim, as a magnum of bubbly) that was giving the world champions their glassy stares. Perry controlled his big pitch—be it slider or spitter—perfectly, putting the batters on the defensive by starting off 23 of the 29 who faced him with strikes. The North Carolinian did his celebrating with a bowl of ice cream, but almost before the treat could go soft the Cards' Ray Washburn was reviving St. Louis' festive mood. A sore-armed former fastballer who has cured his aches to the point where he can usually make as many as 95 pitches in a game before losing his stuff, Washburn threw 134 the next day in Candlestick Park to give baseball its first back-to-back no-hitters. The 30-year-old righty, showing nothing but his curve, allowed just two balls to be hit to the outfield. This left Cards' rookie Joe Hague, who had joined the team the day of Perry's no-hitter, a bit dizzy even though he had missed the pennant party. "Don't worry, Joe," yelled a teammate during the locker room huzzahs for Washburn, "it's not usually this tough up here."



PERRY: NO-HIT FESTIVAL

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL The Chicago Bulls are trying out ZVONIMIR PETRICEVIC, hero of Yugoslavia in a 1964 victory over the Russian basketball team—a game in which he scored 44 points. The 7'—288-pound center will be the first foreign national to play in the NBA if he makes the Chicago team.

BOXING NINO BENVENUTI, the middleweight champion, won an easy 10-round decision over the Nebraska journeyman Art Hernandez, in a non-title fight at Toronto.

BUSTER MATHIS failed to knock out the well-punched trial horse Dick Wipperman, but he flurried often enough in a bout at Milwaukee to score his fourth victory since being stopped by Joe Frazier in March.

DOG SHOWS CH. HOLLY HILL DESERT WIND, a 7-year-old Afghan, was best-in-show at the Dix Ridge Kennel Club's event at Darien, Conn. It was the Afghan's 38th best-in-show award and was won over a strong field of 1,737 dogs.

FOOTBALL NFL The champions of Green Bay (1-1) were defeated by MINNESOTA 26–13 in the upset of the week, posing the question of whether the Packers are vulnerable this year or are merely off to a typical leisurely start. The Vikings (2-0) *surprised the Packers early in the game when* Paul Krause intercepted a Bart Starr pass at Green Bay's 34-yard line and fullback Bill Brown scored after 10 plays. The second period was no happier for Green Bay as the Vikings drove 74 yards for another touchdown and tackled Starr, who passed for only 21 yards in the entire first half, in the end zone for a safety. BALTIMORE (2-0), with Earl Morrall quarterbacking for injured Johnny Unitas, got off to a charged-up Atlanta (0-2) 28–20. LOS ANGELES (2-0) beat the Cardinals early in the week and then ripped Pittsburgh (0-2) 45–10 on the arm of Quarterback Roman Gabriel, who passed for four touchdowns, and the power of the defensive line. DETROIT (1-1) scored six touchdowns—three in three minutes in the second quarter—and went on to hand Chicago (0-2) its second straight loss, 42–0. SAN FRANCISCO (1-1) cheered John Brodie for a change as the veteran quarterback hit for three touchdowns in the 49ers' 35–17 win over the Cardinals. In the East, DALLAS (2-0) harried Brown Quarterback Frank Ryan all afternoon and emerged with a 28–7 victory over Cleveland (1-1), and NEW YORK (2-0), although it trailed Philadelphia (0-2) by two points early in the second half, won 34–25 in a vintage exhibition of scrambling by Fran Tarkenton, who completed 14 of 20 passes for 190 yards. Underdog NEW ORLEANS (1-1) led by Halfback Don McCall, who stormed through Washington (1-1) for 127 yards, walloped the Redskins 37–17.

AFL CINCINNATI (2-1) gave Buffalo (0-3) its third straight drubbing—34–23—and became the *first AFL expansion team to win two games this* early in the season. Paul Brown's Bengals saw a 10–0 lead cut to three points by half time, but they came back in the second half to score 24 and hold off a late Bills charge. Champion OAKLAND (2-0), boosted by Daryle Lamonica's four touchdown passes, ran up a 33–14 halftime lead over Miami (0-2) and defeated the Dolphins 47–21 to remain undefeated with NEW YORK (2-0) and SAN DIEGO (2-0). The Jets stung Boston (1-1) 47–31 and the Chargers scored three touchdowns in the fourth quarter for a 30–14 win over Houston (1-2). Favored KANSAS CITY (2-1) had a poor first half in a 34–2 game with Denver (0-2), but then prospered with substitute Quarterback Jacky Lee in command.

GOLF BOBBY NICHOLS of Louisville and GEORGE ARCHER of Gilroy, Calif. shot a final-round 65 to win the $200,000 PGA team championship in Oklahoma City with a 23-under-par 265 (*page 84*).

KATHY WHITWORTH of Dallas set a women's course record of 68 in her way to a 10-stroke victory over Sandra Haynie in the Kings River Open at Kingsburg, Calif. Kathy's $2,250 prize increased her earnings for the season to $46,144, narrowing money leader Carol Mann's advantage to $1,237.

MRS. ALLISON CHOATE of Rye, N.Y., a three-time winner of the U.S. Senior Women's Golf Association championship, won again by one stroke over Mrs. J. A. Sesbitt of Greenwich, Conn., at Harrison, N.Y.

HARNESS RACING Favored RUM CUSTOMER, with Billy Haughton driving, paced the mile in 1:59⅕ in each of two consecutive heats to win the $226,38 Little Brown [illegible] at Delaware, Ohio [illegible].

HAMMERIN HANK ($5.[illegible]), driven by George Sholly, took the $80,000 Lawrence B. Sheppard Pace for 2-year-olds at Yonkers' [illegible] victory in 12 starts, beating a 79-[illegible] Tempered Yankee with Vernon Dimitt [illegible] by three quarters of a length.

HORSE RACING Although [illegible] start, according to Jockey Manuel Ycaza, [illegible] KNIGHT ($3.20) Steven B. Wilson's [illegible] year-old came on to win the $142,830 [illegible] Stakes at Belmont Park by six lengths over C. V. Whitney's True North.

ADVOCATOR set a track record of 2:27 [illegible] for the 1½ mile turf course in winning the $44,500 Sunrise Handicap at Atlantic City.

ROSE JERE finished four lengths in front of Pola Bella to win the $100,000 Prix Vermeille at Long champ, Paris.

MOTOR SPORTS—World driving champion DENIS HULME of New Zealand sped his orange McLaren-Ford to victory in the Grand Prix of Canada, averaging 97.25 mph over the 2.65-mile Mont Tremblant, Que. course. His countryman Bruce McLaren finished second, while Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez was third and England's Graham Hill fourth. Hulme and Hill are now tied in the 1968 title race.

RICHARD PETTY of Level Cross, N.C. took his 14th stock-car race of the season, defeating Cale Yarborough of Timmonsville, S.C. in the Old Dominion 500 at Martinsville, Va. Driving a 1968 Plymouth Roadrunner, Petty led 324 of the 500 laps and averaged 65.808 mph.

A. J. FOYT of Houston, the winner of five U.S. Auto Club National Driving championships, has captured his first USAC stock-car title. Although there is one more race on the circuit, Oct. 6 at New Bremen, Ohio—Foyt's 2,995 points cannot be topped by any other driver.

SOCCER ATLANTA and SAN DIEGO, two defense-minded teams, played a scoreless tie in the first game of their two-game NASL championship series at San Diego.

TENNIS Regaining top form, ROD LAVER defeated Ken Rosewall 4–6, 6–0, 6–0 in the singles final of the Pacific Southwest Open at Los Angeles. ROSEMARY CASALS outplayed Maria Bueno in the women's singles 6–4, 6–1. ROSEWALL and FRED STOLLE took the doubles from Cliff Drysdale and Roger Taylor 7–5, 6–1.

TRACK & FIELD—JAY SILVESTER with a world-record discus throw of 218' 4" from the May 25 California Relays, still awaiting confirmation, whirled one 224' 8" into a 20-mph wind at Reno.

MARGITTA GUMMEL of East Germany put the shot 61' 11" in her country's national track meet at Frankfort on the Oder to break the world record set by Russia's Nadyezhda Chizhova in April.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED—CAROL HOFMANN, of North Branch, N.J. to the Olympic Prix des Nations jumping team after trials in Gladstone, N.J. She joins Bill Steinkraus, Frank and Mary Chapot and Kathy Kusner on the team.

DIED. MORRIS ROSENFELD, 83, America's best-known yachting photographer in White Plains, N.Y. In more than four decades of loving craftsmanship Rosenfeld shot everything from sailing dinghies to America's Cup racers, and in his book *Under Full Sail* left a superior pictorial record of his era afloat.

DIED. JOHN (HANS) LOBERT, 86, once known as the speed king of the National League, whose baseball career as an infielder, manager, coach and scout spanned 65 years, at Philadelphia. Lobert stole 310 bases while playing with the Giants, the Reds and the Phillies between 1906 and 1917 and had a career batting average of .274.

CREDITS

[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARLIN McPHAIL, a versatile 8-year-old from Norwichtown, Conn., in a 12-day period won a junior golf tournament, took five swimming events in dual meets and two firsts in a sectional championship, and led his Little League farm team to a pennant.



DR. ALEX RATELLE, a Minneapolis anesthesiologist and former sports-car racing driver, shifted sporting gears and won the Over-40 Division of the Heart of America Marathon in Columbia, Mo. His time was 2:57:27, which was good enough for eighth overall.



GUS DAGNUS of Swissvale, Pa. scored touchdowns of one, 16, 42, 44 and 78 yards as Swissvale High defeated Monaca High 38–13. A 210-pound halfback, Dagnus, who gained 853 yards running and pass receiving last year as a sophomore, also kicks for his team.



LESLIE TEEL, 14, of Prairie Village, Kans., who spent the summer breaking regional AAU age group records, was named the outstanding woman swimmer in the Missouri Valley area for 1968. On one occasion Miss Teel broke no fewer than six meet *records*.



JILL HEALY, a Stockton, Calif. high school junior, was named to the United States All-American Junior Girls Bowling Team. After seven years of bowling, Miss Healy has amassed over 50 trophies and has a high game of 260, a high series of 620.



DICK REDFIELD, a Denver salesman, won his first important title after 24 years of sailing the Pacific Coast Sunfish championship on Bear Lake in Utah. Redfield finished first in five of the eight races in the regatta to win easily over Bob Miller, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PICKS AND PECKS

Sirs

I think that the Dallas Cowboys are the greatest, and I have never seen you or anyone else cover a subject better (Pro Football, Sept. 16). My hand is extended to Tex Maule and to Edwin Shrake for their superb articles.

DICK DUFF

Miami

Sirs

Please fill in the blanks.

Number of times Tex Maule has picked the Cowboys to win the NFL title

Number of times the Cowboys have won the title 0

Success ratio

JOHN NEIL

Laguna Beach, Calif.

Sirs

Sorry, Tex Maule, but it just ain't gonna happen!

VINCE JOLIVETTE

Archer, Fla.

Sirs

The Green Bay Packers still have the greatest team in the world of pro football.

TED R. ROOSE

Chalmette, La.

Sirs

I was most displeased by Tex Maule's appraisal of the Baltimore Colts. Mr. Maule spreads the fallacy that the team revolves around Johnny Unitas and that it will not be able to function properly without him. I am not trying to repudiate Unitas' golden career and record, but I do wish to make clear that the performances of Quarterback Earl Morrall and the Colt team as a whole should not be discredited when Johnny Unitas is out of action.

ABE RAPHEAL

Brooklyn

Sirs

In 1967 Sonny Jurgensen of the Washington Redskins was the leading passer in the NFL in spite of a seemingly overwhelming handicap: no consistent running game. In 1968, after a slow recovery from an arm operation and only 60 minutes of exhibition-game experience, Jurgensen threw four touchdown passes against the leading pass defense of 1967 in an upset win over the Chicago Bears.

All this and Jurgensen is virtually ignored in your Pro Football Issue. How is this possible?

JOHN A. YERRICK

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs

I regret to inform you of an error in the September 16 edition of SI. Apparently you haven't heard. The Chinese were wrong. This is the year of the Ram.

STEVE DELBECK

Whittier, Calif.

HUMAN INTEREST

Sirs

Thanks for the fascinating insights provided in your September 16 Don Meredith cover story (*A Cowboy Named Dandy Don*). I have seen every Cowboy game on TV for several years and have become convinced that the Dallas fans are the most unknowledgeable and unappreciative football fans anywhere. Perhaps this article will give them a new understanding of the agony a professional quarterback must endure almost matter-of-factly.

I for one would hate to see a football world peopled with the drab perfection of dozens of Bart Starrs. The real enjoyment and sanity to be found in pro football come from the imperfections of a handful of colorful players such as Meredith. Don has been good for pro football, much better than pro football has been to him, perhaps.

DAVID F. HILL

Albuquerque

Sirs

Edwin Shrake's article on Don Meredith was fantastic. It showed one of football's greatest players on the field and off. If the Cowboys take it all this year, Dandy Don will be the reason.

JEFF MORRIS

Atherton, Calif.

ARTHURIAN WAY

Sirs

Having followed tennis rather closely over the years, I have watched with more than usual interest the career of Arthur Ashe, the first Negro to attain top ranking in the men's division and our present Amateur and Open Champion. I was pleased when he was recently awarded the Harold A. Lebair Memorial Trophy for "good sportsmanship exemplifying the finest traditions of tennis." Besides his brilliant game, I have been impressed by his exemplary demeanor during a match, whether winning or losing. His graciousness as a loser and his modesty as a winner are qualities worthy of emulation. Such qualities not only tend to melt away domestic racial barriers, but they are also of distinct value in furthering international goodwill as Lieut. Ashe continues to represent the U.S. in forthcoming Davis Cup ties. I heartily go along with the title of your article on the U.S. Open Championships, *Arthur All the Way* (Sept. 16)!

G. M. W. KOBAF

New York City

Sirs:

Sportsman of the Year: Arthur Ashe.

TOM TURNER

San Francisco

WEDGE SHOTS

Sirs:

I see where that chronic complainer, Jack Nicklaus, has taken a big slap at Leo Fraser, PGA secretary (*Rebuttal to a Searing Attack*, Sept. 16). The man he attacks has probably done more for the advancement of professional golf than any one person. His work for charity in this section is well known: he donates his club for charitable tourneys, he is a strong supporter of the J. Wood Platt caddie scholarship trust, which has given more than a quarter million dollars to worthy caddies for college tuitions.

Nicklaus complains about the way the Westchester Classic was run, but he smiled prettily when handed his check for *$20,416*. He had no complaints when he pocketed $25,000 in the American Golf Classic and another $26,000 in the Western Open. But when he blew to a 79 in the PGA and missed the cut, he cried about the eligibility rules that have been in effect for years.

OTTS HUTTEBERG
Sports Editor
Courier-Post

Camden, N.J.

Sirs:

I think Mr. Fraser had every right to defend the PGA. Remember, the PGA is for the rank and file, the APG is for itself.

M. H. MCKEAN

Clifton, N.J.

LOSING BATTLE

Sirs

I could not wait to see what you had to say about the Patterson-Ellis fiasco. In the Quarry fight, Patterson lost because he was not the stronger puncher. In Sweden he was the stronger in everything, and he still lost. He can't win.

MARK JURKOWITZ

Scranton, Pa.

THEY TRIED

Sirs

The article *Snidered in Springfield* (Sept. 2) is one of the more obnoxious pieces of reporting that I have read in some time. No town or city is without its shortcomings, and Springfield is no exception. As a member of the Springfield Country Club, I was

continued

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disappointed when the board voted to deny the request to use the course again for the Ladies' World Series of Golf, and I am not proud that only about 5,000 persons each year attended these events. Perhaps Snyder Park Golf Course does not compare favorably with Augusta National, Winged Foot, Scioto or some other plush club, but to ridicule a city that provides excellent park facilities for its residents to have family picnics and play golf (even if they pull their own carts) is hitting a bit below the belt.

Had Curry Kirkpatrick taken the time to investigate, he might have mentioned some of the praiseworthy things our city has to offer, such as its tennis facilities and program, a summer arts festival, a symphony orchestra, opera and theater groups, an art center, a university, Head Start and Upward Bound programs for its youth, to mention but a few. And while he was mentioning the International Harvester Company, Mr. Kirkpatrick might have added that the new, multimillion-dollar factory built for them was voted one of the top 10 new plants in the nation by *Modern Manufacturing* magazine. Nor is Springfield a one-industry town. There are few cities its size that can compare with it in the diversification of its manufacturing plants.

If we have citizens who tried to undertake something big—perhaps too big at the time—might it not be better for all concerned to encourage them? Little in this world would have been bettered if it had not been for the men and women who had vision and the courage to translate that vision into action.

ELIZABETH POWELSON

Springfield, Ohio

Sirs:

Your article *Snydered in Springfield* has created quite a turmoil with many sports-minded people, and even with those who aren't, in this one-horse town located midway between Columbus and Dayton.

The author must have been stranded in Springfield one cold winter night to knock the town as articulately as he did. This is not to say that Mr. Kirkpatrick fails to call a spade a spade. As a matter of fact, he describes the everyday movement in and around Snyder Park as it actually happens. His descriptions are quite amusing, you almost have to be a resident of Springfield to really appreciate them.

What is perturbing, though, is the lack of credit given to the sponsors, Springfield residents for the most part, who have staged a women's golf tournament that in 1968 paid to the last-place finisher more money than she could have won for finishing first in almost any other tournament on the tour. The women golf pros so far have received very little in the way of prize money for their excellent show from any city or locality in the nation except maybe in the one-horse town of Springfield.

L. G. YOUNGBLOOD

Springfield, Ohio

PEAK LOAD

Sirs:

I would quibble with only two of Author Bil Gilbert's points about national parks and the American public's idea of the good life (*i.e.*, parking a $6,000 camper next to others to form the most mobile outdoor ghetto of all time (*Boondock Harvest*, Sept. 2). First, he is glad that the tastes of the mob and the backpacker seeking virgin land are so compatible. He shouldn't be; they aren't. Most of the drivers in traffic-jammed Great Smoky Mountains National Park that day would have liked—and actually will press for in the future—a road to Andrews Bald, where Mr. Gilbert found such welcome solitude.

Second, national parks have become a travesty of themselves, and Mr. Gilbert does a most descriptive job of telling it like it is. But when he suggests that perhaps the 99% of the public that doesn't hike is entitled to have lots more roads built so that they wind through 20% of the park land he is on shaky ground. It might be more logical to have absolutely no roads in national parks. The parks were established to conserve something of the original country, and there are lots of roads in the 98+% of the U.S. outside of the national parks.

The campers Bil Gilbert describes, and many of the ones I have seen, would be just as happy in a shopping-center parking lot, if only it had a name they could drop once they got home.

DON H. COOMBS

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

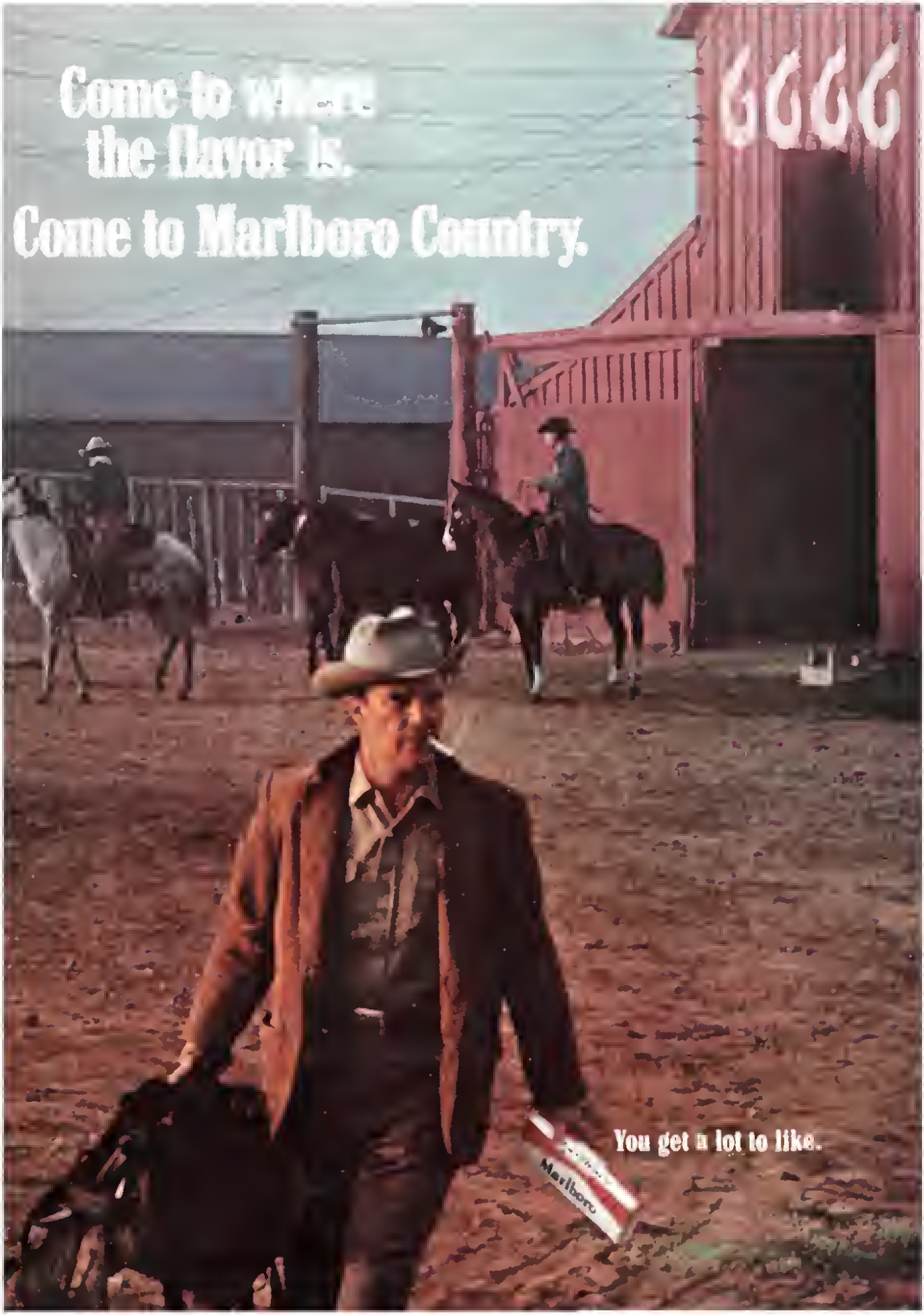
I found Bil Gilbert's article on Great Smoky Mountains Park highly amusing and entertaining. I fail, however, to follow or understand the logic that led to his last-paragraph conclusions. It seems highly inconsistent to spend the major part of the article ridiculing the parking-lot kind of life most people consider suitable exposure to the park and then to suggest that natural-scene preservationists should be unconcerned if a larger portion of the park were given over to expanded parking lot-souvenir town activities. Would it not be more desirable to educate people to the pleasures of hikes to Andrews Bald and similar areas?

I also question the validity of using requests for campfire permits to indicate slight use of park trails and back country. This, for example, would not have included the numerous one-day hikes my family has taken on two enjoyable visits to the Smokies.

GERALD C. GERLOFF

Madison, Wis.


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